

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. II.

JUNE, 1804.

No. II.

ART. I.—*The Works of Plato, viz. his Fifty-five Dialogues, and twelve Epistles, translated from the Greek : nine of the Dialogues by the late Floyer Sydenham ; and the Remainder by Thomas Taylor. With occasional Annotations on the nine Dialogues translated by Sydenham ; and copious Notes by the latter Translator ; in which is given the Substance of nearly all the existing Greek manuscript Commentaries on the Philosophy of Plato, and a Portion of such as are already published. 5 Vols. 4to. 10l. 10s. Boards. Evans. 1804.*

TRANSLATIONS from the remains of antiquity, when executed by persons of abilities adequate to the task, are on many accounts valuable. To such as are not acquainted with the language of the originals, they furnish specimens of the mode of reasoning, and in some respects the mode of writing, adopted by those distinguished characters on whom the concurrent voice of mankind has conferred celebrity ; although much of the grace and beauty of their style are too frequently lost in the version. And they are not without their use even to those whose studies and acquirements have rendered them familiar with the learned languages ; because they serve the purpose of a perpetual commentary, and consequently, on all doubtful points, furnish them with the opinion of one learned man at the least. From this share of praise, however, must be excluded those laboured and over-loaded editions which are more than sufficiently eloquent where they might be silent, and are entirely silent where information is required.

It afforded us very considerable pleasure to learn that the world was about to be presented with what hitherto had never been attempted—a complete translation of the works of Plato, an author on whom some of the best critics among the ancients have lavished every epithet of praise, and whom Cicero in one

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place calls a god * (*Deum*), in another declares to be *instar omnium* †, and *ingenii et doctrinae principem* ‡—one who alone is paramount to every other writer, and whose talents, whether natural or acquired, were superior to those of the rest of mankind: who does not scruple to declare, in one passage of his writings, that he would almost prefer error in company with Plato, to truth in that of any other man. So great a master in eloquence did Quintilian esteem him, that he produces the much-famed oath of the Athenian orator, to prove that Plato was his model §.

These praises certainly imply great qualifications; but when we consider the disadvantages to which he, in common with all pagan writers, was exposed, it must excite our surprise that he could so far outstrip them in ethics and theology. His reasoning, although in many instances fanciful and erroneous, displays a great and cultivated mind. It cannot be denied that his poetical and exuberant imagination oftentimes leads him to use metaphors which dazzle and obscure what they were intended to illustrate; and that his readers are perplexed with trifling subtleties while they are searching for the discovery of truth. But, notwithstanding these imperfections, he has attained an eminence to which we look up with admiration and regard.

From the avowed principles of Mr. Taylor, we were led to expect that he would consider the failings of his master in a very different light, and would seek to refine away what he could not defend. We expected also to meet with some portion of severity levelled against those who reject the absurdities of paganism. But we imagined that this would be in some degree atoned for by the accuracy of his translation, and by his intimate knowledge of his author, whom he literally considers as divine.

In the former expectation we have not been deceived. His work is ushered in by an introduction of 115 pages, in which he has entered at large into the supposed doctrines and opinions of Plato with respect to the Deity, the 'divine natures,' the system of the universe, and the nature and constitution of man. Of these he conceives Plato to have had more correct, as well as more sublime, notions than any who have gone before or succeeded him; and he has summoned all his powers of reasoning to support the dogmas of his favourite philosopher.

There is a certain description of persons who construe silence into approbation; and imagine, because no objection is made to their positions, that such positions are incontrovertible. We shall, on this account, present our readers with an outline of this part of the performance; and, not deterred by the appellation of

* Epist. ad Atticum. lib. 4. epist. 15.

† De Clar. Orator.

‡ Epist. ad Quinct. Frat. lib. 1. epist. 1.

§ Lib. 12. c. 10.

fool or sophist, with which Mr. Taylor bespatters all who differ from him in opinion, venture to communicate our own ideas.

The science of metaphysics is, of all others, most likely to betray its admirers into extremes. It is in the recollection of every one what paradoxes it drew from the pen of the acute and subtle Berkeley, who doubted, or pretended to doubt, whether such a thing as matter existed in the universe; and by consequence, whether all he saw and felt was not the creature of the mind alone. In the hands of a man influenced by such prejudices as Mr. Taylor, it is therefore likely to lead to the most unheard-of conclusions—conclusions adopted, we conceive, in his early days, and which time and greater experience have been unable to remove: for, after giving from Hierocles a description of philosophy, he thus proceeds:

‘Of philosophy thus defined, which may be compared to a luminous pyramid, terminating in Deity, and having for its basis the rational soul of man, and its *spontaneous unperverted conceptions*—of this philosophy, august, magnificent, and divine, Plato may be justly called the primary leader and *hierophant*, through whom, like the mystic light in the inmost recesses of some sacred temple, it first shone forth with *occult* and venerable splendor. It may, indeed, be truly said of the whole of this philosophy, that it is the greatest good which man can participate: for it purifies us from the passions, and assimilates us to Divinity; it confers on us the proper felicity of our nature. *Hence it is easy to collect its pre-eminence to all other philosophies; to show that where they oppose it they are erroneous; that so far as they contain any thing scientific, they are allied to it; and at best they are but rivulets derived from this vast ocean of truth.*

‘To evince that the philosophy of Plato possesses this pre-eminence; that its dignity and sublimity are unrivalled; that it is the parent of all that ennobles man; and that it is founded on principles which neither time can obliterate nor sophistry subvert, is the principal design of this introduction.’ Vol. i. p. iii.

After this high-flown encomium on philosophy in general, and that of Plato in particular, Mr. Taylor observes that he shall ‘conduct his readers, by new and untrodden ways, from that which is perfectly effable and known to sense, to that which is ineffable.’ These are great and mighty promises; for in effect he undertakes to show that all the world but himself are fools, since no man but himself has ever trodden these paths. We agree with him, that, as they are new at present, they are not very likely to become old and beaten; for such is the singular stupidity of moderns, that they must remain unilluminated by the ‘mystic light that shines forth in the hierophant Plato,’ and his attendant Mr. Taylor, notwithstanding all the pains of the latter to conduct them into the temple whence it issues.

The grand axiom on which he grounds his reasoning is this, that ‘the unindigent is prior to the indigent, and that nothing which

is not perfectly unindigent, can be the principle or first cause.' This axiom (which, although apparently unexceptionable, we shall soon have occasion to prove totally inadmissible in the sense affixed to it by Mr. Taylor) is first applied by our translator, to examine whether body, or triply-extended substance, can be the principle of things. To this supposition he objects, among other things, that body is not simple, but made up of two things—body and quality; and that as the one is indigent of the other, neither of these can be admitted as the principle, or the first essence. Body, moreover, he observes, is common and formless; it requires therefore the possession of form, that it may be a particular body: it cannot therefore be the thing sought after. Neither can form answer the description, as that also requires body as the subject in which it subsists. We pretend not to give any thing more than a sketch of our author's mode of reasoning; and we take it from those parts which appear the least difficult to be understood.

Mr. Taylor next inquires whether nature answers to the character which he claims for the first principle. As a specimen of his manner, we will give an extract from this part of the performance.

'Let it then' (says he) 'be supposed to be that which is called nature, being a principle of motion and rest, in that which is moved and at rest essentially, and not according to accident. For this is something more simple and fabricative of composite forms. If, however, it is in the things fabricated and does not subsist separate from, nor prior to them, but stands in need of them, it will not be unindigent; though it possesses something transcendent with respect to them, *viz.* the power of fashioning and fabricating them. For it has its being together with them, and has in them an inseparable subsistence; so that when they are, it is; and is not, when they are not; and this in consequence of perfectly verging towards them, and not being able to sustain that which is appropriate. For the power of increasing, nourishing, and generating similars, and the one prior to these three, *viz.* nature, is not wholly incorporeal, but is nearly a certain quality of body, from which it alone differs, in that it imparts to the composite to be inwardly moved and at rest. For the quality of that which is sensible, imparts that which is apparent in matter, and that which falls on sense. But body imparts intervals every way extended; and nature, an inwardly proceeding natural energy, whether according to place only, or according to nourishing, increasing, and generating things similar. Nature, however, is inseparable from a subject, and is indigent; so that it will not in short be the principle, since it is indigent of that which is subordinate.' Vol. i. p. ix.

Arguments of a similar and equally intelligible kind are used to prove the inadmissibility of the irrational soul as the thing sought after; and, by a train of reasoning not very different, the rational nature also is shown incapable of being admitted as the first cause.

Aristotle, who has been looked up to as a master in metaphysics, considered intellect, or intelligence itself, as the first cause or principle. In this, however, Mr. Taylor does not acquiesce, and therefore proceeds to inquire if the *ἓν ὄν* be invested with the requisite qualifications. To this it is objected, that this *ἓν ὄν*, or *one being*, is supposed to be something united. We cannot forbear to observe in this place, that the objection brought against the *one being* seems to arise from the imperfection of language rather than from any other cause. In using the term *one being*, we mean not to speak of being as a sort of quality added to a subject, of which when divested, the one may subsist; we only mean to express by it the simplest mode of existence. And it appears to us that we may fairly reason in the following manner—Either a first cause does or does not exist: if it do, it must *be*, and consequently must be being—but according to Mr. Taylor, *one* is prior to *many*: the first cause therefore must be *one being*.

But even the one which he considers as something more simple than the one being, is not allowed by him to rank as the supreme Deity. He conceives that as we predicate of the one '*that it is the most simple, the most excellent, the most powerful, and the preserver of all things, and the good itself, it will be indigent of those very things which we predicate of it.*' Those, we doubt not, who have made no great progress in this new system of logic, will be disposed to say, Either the Deity is or is not possessed of supreme excellence, wisdom, &c.: if he be, he must be most excellent, most wise, &c.: if he be not, he must be inferior to that which is possessed of these attributes.—We remarked before, that we should have occasion to show Mr. Taylor's axiom to be inadmissible; and surely whatever leads to such consequences is plainly so.—But let us hear Mr. Taylor himself.

'This therefore' (*the one*) 'is the most unindigent of all things. Hence this is the principle and cause of all; and this is at once the first of all things. If these qualities, however, are present with it, it will not be *the one*. Or may we not say that all things subsist in *the one* according to *the one*? And that both these subsist in it, and such other things as we predicate of it—as, for instance, *the most simple, the most excellent, the most powerful, the preserver of all things, and the good itself*? If these things, however, are thus true of *the one*, it will thus also be indigent of things posterior to itself, according to those very things which we add to it.

And again: 'So far, therefore, as it is *the one* alone, it will be unindigent: but so far as unindigent, it will be the first principle and stable root of all principles. So far, however, as it is the principle and the first cause of all things, and is pre-established as the object of desire to all things, so far it appears to be, in a certain respect, indigent of things to which it is related.' Vol. i. p. xiv.

That is, in other words, because it is *the one*, it is unindigent; because unindigent, the principle; and because the principle, indigent: so that it is indigent because unindigent! This appears to

us to follow naturally from these premises. Indeed, upon Mr. Taylor's plan, we are surrounded with nothing but impossibilities: we must have something *more* excellent than the *most* excellent; *more* powerful than the *most* powerful; something *prior* to the *first cause* of all things; not self-subsistent, but transcending that mode of subsistence*. What is this? Something, as Mr. Taylor informs us, 'incapable of being apprehended, and about which we must be entirely silent.' We fully agree with him that it is incapable of being apprehended: but we will again repeat, that we deny his axiom to be true in the sense in which he uses it; for *indigent* is by him made to signify *possessed of attributes*. Nor can we be brought to understand how a being possessed of wisdom in an infinite degree, a being all-powerful and all-causal, is inferior to one which is destitute of these attributes, or, in his own words, exempt from them. Besides, it would as forcibly apply against the ineffable to whom he adverts, as against the most wise, &c: for to be unable to exercise power and wisdom, is itself a defect; and, on Mr. Taylor's own principles, his ineffable may be pronounced to be unable to do so. We say unable, because it seems the exercise of them would render him indigent of them. The term *indigent* may impose upon the unwary; but a distinction of its meaning will show it in its proper light. It may be used in two very different senses, and may signify either the presence or absence of any quality: in the latter, it indicates a certain disqualification; in the former, not so. Thus man is indigent of infinite power, as not possessing it; the Deity is indigent of infinite power, as necessarily possessing it in order to be what he is. A painter, to use a familiar illustration, is indigent of skill (that is, must necessarily possess it) in order to produce a picture; but is he therefore incapable of producing one if he do possess it? Indeed, Mr. Taylor's doctrine cannot support itself. The dilemma which we hinted at before, constantly recurs—*viz.* His ineffable is most powerful, or is not: if he be most powerful, he is indigent, and he is not superior to THE GOD of the sacred writings: if he be not, he is indigent in not possessing infinite power, and is therefore far below him.

We have dwelt the longer on this subject, because Mr. Taylor is notorious for intruding on the world the ridiculous opinions which he has formed in favour of the *supposed* theology of the ancients, and because himself seems to consider his present performance as a master-piece of reasoning. Instead of saying, with him, 'from this magnificent, sublime, and most scientific doctrine of Plato, it follows, that this ineffable cause is not the immediate maker of the universe, but divine media are necessary to the fabrication of the world?' we should rather say,—

From this absurd doctrine of Mr. Taylor's it follows, that his ineffable cause is no cause at all.

Our author attempts to establish his wild and monstrous ideas on another principle; but those who are not satisfied with what we have already produced on this subject, we must refer to the work itself, our limits forbidding us to be more minute; indeed, we are already fearful of having almost wearied the reader.

From this ineffable principle, exempt from all essence, power, and energy, a multitude of divine natures are represented as proceeding, p. xxii. They which are first produced do not recede from essential goodness, and are all eternally established in the same blessedness*. But though *produced*, they are *self-subsistent* natures and *super-essential*†. 'And here,' observes Mr. Taylor to the reader who has not penetrated the depths of Plato's philosophy, 'it may appear paradoxical, in the extreme, that any being should be said to produce itself, and yet at the same time proceed from a superior cause ‡.' To this he has our most cordial assent; and we venture to think, notwithstanding his *demonstrative proofs*, that the sight of mankind is so dim, that although they may look upon these objects with the most attentive eyes, according to his own direction, they will be unable to see them. 'And yet traces of productions of this kind are to be met with in the last of things. Thus, fire imparts heat by its very essence, and snow coldness.' We beg leave to ask what analogy this bears to the point in question? Fire produces heat, we allow, essentially; but this is nothing more than cause and effect. No traces can our weak eyes discern of heat *subsisting by itself*, or of heat *producing itself at the same time that it proceeds from a superior cause*. It is true, we do not pretend to have studied in the Platonic school so long as Mr. Taylor: consequently we cannot claim so refined an intellect as to understand how a thing is, and is not, at one and the same instant.

What is added as a corollary to this doctrine, is in the same paradoxical strain; viz. that the *human soul, as far as it is rational, produces itself*! The proof of this is attempted in the following manner.

'That which can impart any thing superior, in any genus of things, can impart that which is subordinate in the same genus: but well being ranks higher than mere being: and the rational soul imparts well being to itself, when it cultivates and perfects itself; it will therefore impart being to itself.' Vol. i, p. xxx.

We might as well say that education could produce being. The truth is, the soul, in improving itself in virtue, &c. produces no new being: it effects only what instruction also effects: that

* P. xxvi.

† P. xxix.

‡ P. xvi.

is, induces a certain mode or quality. A polished diamond is superior to an unpolished diamond; but the artist, in rendering the diamond polished (or *eu exovra*), cannot be said to produce a thing, or give being to a thing, the improvement of which is the object of his art. Besides, would not the argument, if it proved any thing, prove too much? The rational soul is superior to the irrational; if therefore it can produce itself, it can produce what is inferior, the irrational: unless to this it be objected that they rank not under the same genera.

Mr. Taylor proceeds to favour the world with the mystic conceptions of the 'divine natures.' He observes that Plato does not, everywhere, deliver the same doctrine on this point; but refers us, however, to *The Phædrus*, as the dialogue in which this subject is best explained. In this he declares it evident *that the philosopher was inspired, and had exchanged human intelligence for a divine mania*. We know not under what influence Mr. Taylor wrote this: but if he choose to appropriate to himself also the title of maniac, we shall not dispute it with him.

Here he is led to a comparison between the fables of philosophers and poets; and from this part, as less exceptionable, and more intelligible than the general tenor of his writings, we will give an extract.

'Each has something in which it abounds more than, and something in which it is deficient from, the other. Thus, for instance, the poetic fable abounds in this, that we must not rest satisfied with the apparent meaning, but pass on to the occult truth. For who, endued with intellect, would believe that Jupiter was desirous of having connexion with Juno, and on the ground, without waiting to go into a bed-chamber? So that the poetic fable abounds in consequence of asserting such things as do not suffer us to stop at the apparent meaning, but leads us to explore the occult truth. But it is defective in this, that it deceives those of a juvenile age. Plato, therefore, neglects fable of this kind, and banishes Homer from his republic; because youth, on hearing such fables, will not be able to distinguish what is allegorical from what is not.

'Philosophical fables, on the contrary, do not injure those that go no further than the apparent meaning. Thus, for instance, they assert that there are rivers and punishments under earth; and if we adhere to the literal meaning of these, we shall not be injured.' Vol. i. p. xxxix.

Another dogma which we shall notice, is that respecting *ideas*. It is well known that Plato, observing that the mind formed to itself ideas of things more perfect in their kind than any with which it is conversant on earth, conceived that these ideas were derived from some universals which had a real subsistence. Thus, because the mind possesses the notion of a purer virtue, and a more complete justice, than we find among men—and again, of a more exact equality than any two equal

things arrive at—he fancied that such a virtue, justice, and equality, were real entities, and that the soul came into the receptacle, the body, furnished with a knowledge of them. To this Mr. Taylor gives his assent, and, of course, believes, that, from a world replete with omniform ideas, this sensible world is produced. When we can form the idea of a triangle that is neither scalene nor isosceles, neither right-angled nor obtuse, it will be time enough to consider how we came by it. But, until then, we shall doubt, not only this doctrine, but that of abstract ideas altogether.

The reader will be by this time tolerably well versed in the theology of Mr. Taylor, and will not be surprised to find him believing the universe to have been eternal. But the arguments brought to prove it are curious enough. 'It must have been produced by nature, art, or power,' says he. 'It could not have been by art, because in that case it could not *simply be*, but would be in some particular manner.' Good Mr. Taylor, is not the universe in some particular manner? 'But it could not be by nature, because that which makes by nature, imparts something of itself to that which it produces: and the maker of the universe being incorporeal, had he produced it by nature it would have been incorporeal also. It remains that the universe was produced by *power alone*. But every thing produced by power, subsists together with the cause containing this power: and hence productions of this kind cannot be destroyed, unless the producing cause is deprived of power;—the divine intellect therefore, that produced the sensible universe, caused it to be co-existent with himself*.' The validity of this argument we deny. Admitting, as we readily do, that the universe was produced by power, Mr. Taylor's consequence does not follow: for we do not admit it to have been produced by a power that always acted by necessity, as fire produces heat, or snow coldness: we suppose it to have been created by a being whose power was under the guidance of his will, and who could act or not act, according as he saw fit.

We have already noticed Mr. Taylor's fancy, that the rational soul is self-produced; from which he draws a conclusion in favour of its immortality. 'For,' says he, 'that which has no temporal beginning, cannot have an end; and that which has no end, is without a being: it follows, therefore, that the soul must perform periods, both of ascensions from generation, and of descensions into generation; and that this will never fail through an infinite time†.' But as the foundation happens not to be good, and as the soul does not happen to produce itself—at least Mr. Taylor has not proved that it does—down falls the superstructure: down falls also that other most important dogma, as

* P. lv.

† P. lxiii.

Mr. Taylor calls it, that all the knowledge the soul acquires in this life, is but a recovery of what she once possessed.—By the way, were this the truth, it would be extraordinary that the soul neither retained nor recovered any sort of knowledge of the intellectual world.—He deduces from the above doctrine *, 'that the only means by which the soul of man can hope to approach the Deity after it has escaped from its earthly prison, is by exercising the cathartic and theoretic power; the former teaching it to subdue the passions, the latter elevating it by contemplative truth.' God be thanked that the Being we adore requires not these rigorous, and to the unlearned impossible, conditions! and that rest beyond the grave is not by Him confined to the philosopher and metaphysician!

We are, in the next place, favoured with a long account of Providence and Fate; but as we have already wearied ourselves with Mr. Taylor's abstruse and fanciful opinions, we must refer those who wish for further information to the work itself.

'Since the time of Justinian,' our author says, with sufficient self-complacency, 'the path by which he has conducted his reader has been unfrequented'—But he shall speak for himself.

'In the beginning I observed, that in drawing these outlines I should conduct the reader through novel and solitary paths;—solitary they must be, since they have been unfrequented since the reign of the emperor Justinian to the present time; and novel they will doubtless appear to readers of every description, and particularly to those who have been nursed as it were in the bosom of matter, the pupils of experiment, the darlings of sense, and the legitimate descendants of the earth-born race that warred on the Olympian gods. To such as these, who have gazed on the dark and deformed face of Nature till they are incapable of beholding the light of truth, and who are become so drowsy, from drinking immoderately of the cup of oblivion, that their whole life is nothing more than a transmigration from sleep to sleep, and from dream to dream, like men passing from one bed to another,—to such as these, the road through which we have been travelling will appear to be a delusive passage, and the objects which we have surveyed to be nothing more than fantastic visions, seen only by the eye of imagination, and when seen, idle and vain as the dreams of a shadow.' Vol. i. p. lxxix.

We did not know before that shadows dream. But this, we suppose, is one among the many discoveries made by Mr. Taylor, who, during the space of 1000 years, is the only man that has been able to burst through the cloud of darkness which envelopes the whole human race, and who alone has been able to view, with an eye of philosophy and truth, subjects of the last importance to the world—the true nature of the Deity, the universe, and the human soul. What possible re-

* P. lrv.

ward can be offered to him, adequate to such exalted attainments? Nothing but his modesty could have withheld him from exclaiming

‘ ————— quæ munera Niso
Digna dabis? primam merui qui laude coronam.’

That a writer with these sentiments should show more than a common portion of contempt for such as differ from him, is not extraordinary. It would be extraordinary, indeed, were he to do otherwise. But we would remind him of a circumstance or two that may lessen his indignation against experimental philosophy. And, first, we shall beg him to recollect, that in mathematical pursuits, where pure demonstration can be had, no man in his senses rests satisfied with experiment. No man, we believe, ever had recourse to it in order to be more certainly convinced of a truth that had been legitimately proved after the manner of an Euclid or an Archimedes. On this point, therefore, there appears to be no difference of opinion between him and the generality of philosophers.—Secondly, we would request Mr. Taylor to consider, that there are also some subjects which do not admit of mathematical demonstration, strictly so called; and in which it is necessary to have recourse to experiment, either as leading to the discovery of some certain principles on which future reasonings may be founded, or as correcting those theorems which have been deduced from mathematical data, but which some causes, that could not be taken into consideration, render, without such correction, inapplicable to the intended purposes. Of the former, hydrostatics give a forcible example. The nature of fluids is so imperfectly known as to render the general laws of motion wholly inapplicable to them: and we would recommend to Mr. Taylor's consideration the following observations of a man whom the world considers to have some skill in mathematics. If Mr. Taylor discovers them to be groundless, the learned will thank him for communicating such discovery. ‘Under the circumstances’ (says professor Vince, speaking of hydrostatics) ‘of an indefinite number of bodies acting upon each other by repulsive powers, or by absolute contact; under the uncertainty of the friction which may take place, and of what variation of effects may be produced by different degrees of compression, the conclusions deduced from any theory must be subject to considerable errors, except from that which is founded upon such experiments as include in them the consequences of those principles which are liable to any degree of uncertainty.’ Hyd. pp. 5, 6.

So again, with respect to the science of optics: the laws of reflexion and refraction, upon which the whole theory of vision is founded, are derived from experiments; not because experi-

ment is preferred to every other proof, but because, in this case, no other proof could be obtained.

We would also desire Mr. Taylor to consider what was the state of philosophy previous to the introduction of experiment. Can any thing be more contemptible than the sentiments of the early writers on this subject? Were not their theories and their hypotheses the most wild and absurd? He must know that they were so: the whole world knows it. Indeed the writings of the schoolmen, who spent more time than other men in metaphysical reasonings, had rendered the name of philosophy a name of reproach. It was from this very consideration that the great lord Bacon remarked 'that men required not wings to be added to their intellects, but leads and weights:' and although Mr. Taylor sarcastically observes, that a considerable portion of lead must have been added to the intellects of the author of the *Novum Organon* (that baseless fabric of a vision, as he calls it) when he wrote this, yet we are of opinion that this justly celebrated philosopher, and that truly great man Boyle, contributed a great deal more to the advancement of *real* knowledge, than Mr. Taylor and all his metaphysics are likely to do. But it seems he despises 'every thing necessary, every thing connected with the common purposes of life, as ignoble and illiberal*.' We, however, who have not yet learned to estimate the value of things in proportion to their inutility, should think as highly of the man who introduced an important improvement into navigation, or any other useful art, as we could do of that high-flown genius who might arrange the 'divine natures' into their respective genera, species, and differences. But this is not the only instance of contempt shown towards men who have obtained applause by their abilities. Warburton was, unquestionably, with all his failings, a man of great mind; and yet Mr. Taylor dares to style him a mitred sophist. Alas! he is dead; and it is easy to spurn a carcass, though it be the carcass of a lion.

What Hooker said of the disciples of Pythagoras may justly be applied to our author:

'Pythagoras' (observes that acute writer), 'by bringing up his scholars in speculative knowledge of numbers, made their conceits therein so strong, that, when they came to the contemplation of things natural, they imagined that in every particular thing they even beheld, as it were, with their eyes, how the elements of number gave essence and being to the works of nature—a thing in reason impossible; which, notwithstanding, through their preconceit, appeared unto them no less certain than if nature had written it in the very foreheads of all the creatures of God.' Vol i. p. 145. Ed. Ox.

To the industry of Mr. Taylor we are willing to bear witness:

* P. LXXV. Note.

we are willing to allow him whatever merit he can justly claim; but we cannot admit theories so wild and extravagant, in order to please any man. It is now time to turn to the translation; but our remarks on this part of the performance we must reserve for a future number.

(To be continued).

ART. II.—*Indian Recreations; consisting chiefly of Strictures on the domestic and rural Economy of the Mahomedans and Hindoos. By the Rev. William Tennant, LL. D. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. 18s. Boards. Longman and Rees. 1803.*

'ASIA' (says sir William Jones) 'has ever been esteemed the nurse of sciences, the inventress of delightful and useful arts, the scene of glorious actions, fertile in the productions of human genius, abounding in natural wonders, and infinitely diversified in the forms of religion and government, in the laws, manners, customs, and languages, as well as in the features and complexions, of men. Yet how much of this important and extensive field remains unexplored, and how many solid advantages unimproved!'

The progress of inquiry, and observation, and discovery, and research, is however very sensible. During the few years since sir William Jones wrote, conquest has connected vast provinces hitherto hostile, and is preparing for them the benefits of a more extensive commercial intercourse, and of a legislation free from the restraints of superstition. Official embassies have explored inhospitable empires; and private travellers have communicated a more local and specific intelligence. To the knowledge of what Asia is, great additions have accrued in every direction. To the knowledge of what Asia has been, less is added; because the labourers have rather chosen to comment than to translate; and, in their commentaries, have been more anxious for the reputation of a vague erudition, than for that of good sense and sagacity; as if to have studied, was more than to have thought.

These recreations rather propose to extend our statistical than our antiquarian knowledge of Hindustan: they treat much of the arts, the agriculture, the trade, the manners, and the legislation; little of the literary or architectural monuments of antiquity. Mr. Tennant, however, has frequent occasion to notice the minute resemblance between the usages now prevalent among the Hindus, and those ascribed in the Scriptures to the Babylonians and Jews: and these observations constitute an important accession to biblical illustration.

The oriental dominion of Great Britain is become so vast, that she is surpassed only by China in the number of subjects; only by Russia in the number of acres included in her domi-

nions. Let it be seen that she merits this immense trust of influence on human happiness; that she knows how to improve the condition of the people more rapidly than the mandarins of Peking; that she knows how to multiply a civilised population more rapidly than the law-giver of Moscow. The first step to wise government is local information. The state of the habits of the people must be recorded, before they can be compared with those of other nations analogously circumstanced; and next corrected, by the inferences of a more enlarged experience. The region must be narrowly surveyed and mapped by philosophic geographers, before its fossile, vegetable, and animal wealth can be appreciated, or its opportunities of land and water carriage ascertained. Surely a board for statistical inquiry might be founded at Calcutta, and printed queries addressed to the prefects of the dependent departments, concerning the productions of the earth; the numbers, arts, and wants of the people; the rate of wages, wares, and rents; and the residual degree of burden and restraint from religious or political legislation.

The account of Calcutta supplies many new as well as curious particulars.

‘ Among the first objects which attract the notice of a stranger on his arrival in Bengal, is the elegance and beauty of Calcutta, the capital of our dominions in the east. The company’s botanic gardens, the elegant villas of its servants, the strong and regular garrison of Fort William, and the spires of the town, announce your approach to a capital, though not above fifty years’ standing, that would be deemed considerable in any part of the world.

‘ The activity and enterprize of the English is perhaps now where better displayed, than in the rapid enlargements of this town. In the memory of persons still living here, the European houses were mean, and comparatively few in number. Those of the natives are, in general, still paltry huts; but as prospects of gain, or at least of employment, are always opening in the vicinity of European society; the number of their dwellings has increased in a still greater proportion than that of Europeans. From the number of houses rated for the payment of taxes in the assessors’ books, the native inhabitants of Calcutta cannot fall much short of half a million. They amount to this number estimating four persons to each house; an estimate certainly moderate, if you consider the number of children and women around each hut. The Hindoos not only all marry, but enter into that state at a very early period of life, which renders their marriages uncommonly prolific: this circumstance has rendered barrenness and celibacy disgraceful in either sex, but particularly in the female. A young woman, who has not been betrothed in her infancy, or who, from any sinister accident, has not procured a husband, brings much solicitude and disgrace upon the family.

‘ This natural source of population has always been seconded by the British government in Calcutta, which has afforded an uniform protection to the lives and property of the inhabitants. The police of the city is chiefly committed to a superintendent of police, and

several inferior justices of the peace, with certain stated salaries: before them all petty delinquencies are tried; and smaller disturbances punished. Tannahs, or guard-houses, are erected in the different divisions of the town: and the peace is maintained by a few companies of native soldiers who patrol the streets, and prevent disturbance from quarrels, robbery, or theft. Offences of a higher nature, whether committed by Europeans or natives, are cognizable by the supreme court of judicature; which about twenty-five years ago was substituted in place of the mayor's court, with more extensive jurisdiction, and superior authority.

‘The powers of this court extend not only to the company's territories in this part of India, but also to every case civil or criminal that may occur upon the sea between the Coromandel and Malacca coasts. The jurisdiction of this court does not extend to the upper stations: in these, however, all the European settlers come under an engagement to be amenable to its authority.

‘The policy of this establishment has been much controverted by the civil and military servants on the Bengal establishment; and it still seems to be regarded as an unpopular measure. The objections, however, urged against it, as far as I have been able to weigh them, are highly to its honour, and that of its projectors. It is contended that a very considerable discretionary power over the natives, ought to be left in the hands of the Europeans, to preserve subordination and obedience. A greater degree of insolence, and a more independent spirit, it is said, is daily gaining ground among that class of men: that they are litigious to a proverb; and on every occasion put themselves on that footing of equality with Europeans, which they find from experience to be countenanced by the supreme court. They foresee in its continuance, and in the establishment of similar jurisdictions at Bombay and Madras, the total emancipation of the British subjects in India.

‘These charges, and these fears, proceed rather from the misconduct of individuals than their patriotism; or the rigour of the supreme court. The dissipation of Europeans here is far more conspicuous than the insolence of the natives. Both the military and civil servants are too often in the habit of incurring debt, sometimes by borrowing money from the people of colour; but oftener by want of punctuality in the payment of wages and accounts. In every case a native is a rigid creditor; and is gratified, rather than hurt, by seeing himself in a situation in which he can command the personal liberty of an European by imprisonment. But the man who demands the payment of a just debt may be rigid, but is not insolent. An honest man has nothing to fear from such demands; to him they will always appear more reasonable, than that every person who has the facility to part with his money, or want his wages, should contribute to debauchery, or suffer for the extravagance and folly of another.

‘Formerly it sometimes happened that a peace officer in the execution of his duty, has been seized in the cantonments, and insulted in the execution of his duty, at the instigation of officers, or by their personal violence. These facts are reported by themselves with an air of exultation, which clearly demonstrates their inclination, and a wish that they could again be repeated. Even at present, there are

combinations well known to the bailiffs, which renders the execution of personal diligence a very dangerous part of their duty. But such objections against the supreme court, are its highest panegyric; because they are of the same nature with the objections which every thief or robber has to a gibbet.

‘The insolence of the natives, and that independent spirit which endangers the British power in India, wise men have not been able to discover; or they have deemed past experience a better guide to its treatment, than the capricious exercise of discretionary power. The peculations of collectors, and the exactions of officers in detached commands, have produced the only serious discontents which the British government has ever yet experienced. And had the sources of them, or the principal characters concerned, been more immediately under the eye of the supreme court, it is probable that they never would have existed.

‘Had the supreme court of Calcutta, or the general police of that capital, been established on bad principles, their pernicious effects would have appeared long since, within the immediate sphere of their operation. There, however, they are happily as invisible as their supposed cause. Perhaps no city in Europe has increased more rapidly than Calcutta within the last thirty years. Ships belonging to every nation are seen in its harbour. Trade, and every mercantile speculation, has been carried on with a boldness which appears never to have been checked by any judicial iniquity.

‘Greater property than is common in Britain, has been accumulated even by some of the natives, and possessed with equal security with that of the richest subjects in England. The safety with which the property of European families is entrusted to the native servants, is indeed highly to their honour. Fifty or sixty, and more, perhaps, in some families, sleep during the night in the compound, or in the passages and verandahs of the house, while every door is open: and you hear of much fewer burglaries and thefts, than are committed in London, after all that the precautions of bolts, watchmen, and constables have been able to effect. Were a house, with an equal number of servants, kept equally accessible in any town of England, it would in all probability be robbed as frequently as it contained any thing that could be carried away. And were these subjects possessed of the same degree of wealth as some natives in Calcutta, there is no country in Europe where they could be more secure. In some, it is not rash to affirm, that they would have long since been convicted of incivism, or some imaginary crime, in order to conceal the real guilt—that of being rich.

‘The Ayeen Achery is entirely silent about Calcutta, which is full proof of its being wholly inconsiderable in the time of Achery. The settlement of a factory here was so late as 1690, by Job Charnock. It must have remained a trading factory till some time after the battle of Plassey in 1757. To have increased in forty years in so unhealthy a spot to its present population of five hundred thousand souls, implies a degree of prosperity, amidst all the irregularities of an infant settlement, that is unparalleled in any other quarter of the world.’ Vol. i. p. 37.

Our author proceeds to give an account of the different races of inhabitants settled in Calcutta—the Armenians, Moguls, Greeks, Portuguese, and Bannians. He complains of the number of native servants rendered necessary in every European family by the excessive subdivision and distribution of employments, insomuch that a man who cuts grass for a horse will not feed him. Surely a tax on servants is the proper method for compelling the education or importation of attendants of a more versatile utility. The loss of labour to the state, incurred by tolerating so many needless mouths, is a great political grievance. The idler is not merely improvident for himself and ruinous to his master: he omits creating an exchangeable value which would add to the exchangeable value of every other man's toil: the larger the proportion of the industrious, the greater the reward of industry.

Important observations are also made on the want of employment for country-born children, as they are called—for the descendants of Europeans by natives. While Europeans continue scarce, their very bastards must be treated with reverence; and an attempt made to qualify them for the genteeler lines of life, in which they are with difficulty stationed. This difficulty results from the absurd system on which Hindustan has been colonised: it has hitherto been usual to export thither only gentlemen—a class of beings so ignorant of all the arts of life, that scarcely a decennium has yet passed since they have managed to print the language of the country. The Encyclopædias composed at home, teach our arts in the east, which, but for the impediments to settlement opposed by the privileges of the company, would half a century ago have been domesticated there by voluntary migration. To how manifold an amount would all the productions for interchange have been long ago multiplied on a system of free trade! How multifarious would have been the roads of industry, commensurate with the highest prospects of mercantile ambition, already tracked, founded on experience, and in full activity!

The effects of the Hindu superstition on the knowledge and virtue of the people are well discussed. Surely the injurious operation of these rights and notions is so obvious, that missionaries of some sort should be encouraged to scatter the seeds of a wholesomer morality. Christianity in its European form may not be well adapted for reception: but a translation of the *United Gospel*, and of many select portions of the Scripture, might be circulated, and so commented as to amalgamate with what is innocent in their own traditional faith and practice. Real religion, like the golden pippin, is best propagated by engrafting it on the extant crab-trees. Our missionaries seem often to have failed by attempting at once the substitution of a wholly new faith;

while only that portion which is hurtful should anywhere be attacked. They have also the fault of endeavouring to impress those mysterious opinions which are inexpressible in any unsophisticated language, and unintelligible to plain understandings. Religion, to be loved, should be associated with our pleasures: its yoke should be easy, its burden light: it was bestowed to make us free; nor did its amiable author disdain to provide wine for the marriage-feast, to accept the offering of precious perfumes, or to mingle among the fair, the young, and the convivial. Unlike those itinerant Calvinistic missionaries, falsely called *evangelical* teachers, he himself was everywhere the harbinger of festivity and joy. He solemnly abolished the dull sad Sabbath of his countrymen; and endeavoured to connect his own memory with their glad national anniversary festival. Such are the points of view in which, to a people excessively fond of a sensual, amusive, and gaudy ritual, the converters of the Hindus would do well to present the great, the immortal author of Christianity.

A passage interesting to the literary world is the account of the historian Golam Hossein Khan.

‘ In giving an idea of the literature of India, I cannot omit mentioning Golam Hossein Khan, the late author of a work, entitled *Seir Mutakhareen*, or *View of Modern Times*. This work is regarded as classical Persian, in point of style; and contains a civil history of Hindostan, from the death of Aurengzebe to the year 1781. The biographical anecdotes found in this work, concerning many of our countrymen, who are still living, renders it peculiarly interesting: the details of the English conquests in India, and his strictures upon the British government in that country, convey the ideas of a native, of high character, upon subjects of the first importance. This work, though translated into something like English, by a renegado Frenchman, is but little known even to Orientalists, except by name.

‘ This Mogul nobleman was a partizan of the present emperor during his fallen fortunes; but like the great Clarendon, he delivers his sentiments with spirit and impartiality; and with a force, clearness, and simplicity of style rarely to be found in Asiatic authors, and which justly entitle him to pre-eminence among the historians of his country. The history of his life, given by himself, is prefixed to his volumes; some particulars of it I shall insert, for it must be interesting to know the history of an independent native, who has displayed so much penetration, sagacity, and knowledge, respecting the conduct of the English in the government of his country.

‘ Golam Hossein Khan was born in Shah-Jehanabad in 1140 of the Hegira; and being related by his mother to Aliverdi Khan, the future nabob of Bengal, he repaired to that province with all his connections. “Soon after our arrival in Moorsshedabad, says he, fortune began to favour our family. Aliverdi Khan was appointed governor of Patna, where my father accompanied him, and where our family have lived to this day in affluence, dignity, and splendour:

for the houses we bought, and the lands we acquired by purchase, gift, or otherwise, during the administration of Aliverdi, are to this day in our possession. In the year 1188, I was induced, unfortunately, to become security, to a considerable amount, for a zemindar, who already owed me the highest obligations, and from whom I little expected such a return, and so much perfidy as I met with. In consequence of his misconduct, I was called upon by the English government to pay 60,000 rupees on his account, which was the sum for which I had become bound. This demand coming on me unexpectedly, I was obliged to sell my jewels and plate, to the amount of 31,000 rupees, and to make up the balance by borrowing it from the banker. In this way I saved myself from the severity with which I would have been treated by the government to whom the money was due, and from the still more unfeeling rigor of the aumils, muttsudies, and other revenue officers, who seemed to wait with a malicious eye for the signal from government, to seize my whole property. I was obliged to put into the banker's hands, as a security for the money I had borrowed, the portion of land I possessed, and to endeavour to procure subsistence by some other means. But I was unable to get any employment, notwithstanding all the interest, and all the enquiries which my friends made in my behalf. At last it pleased fortune to give me a friend in general Goddard, a man of merit so conspicuous as to need no praise, and whose kindness and generosity to me, as well as to many of my countrymen, entitle him to my lasting gratitude. Such a character is not often met with among the English in Hindostan.

"He was about this time appointed resident at Chunarghur; soon after which he came to Azimabad, (Patna,) where he made some stay. Being an old acquaintance, I went to see him. He had the kindness to enquire about my affairs, and he heard, with cordial concern, the calamity which had befallen them. 'I am truly sorry,' said he, 'to hear what has happened; but as I see no likelihood of your getting employment here, you had better come along with me, and we shall live upon what we can get.' I cheerfully accepted of the proposal; looking upon it as one of the secret resources which Providence had kept in store for me. I accordingly got myself ready, and accompanied him to Chunar. But on general Goddard's arrival there, he found that the situation to which he was appointed, was, in point of emolument, much below what he had reason to expect, and indeed scarcely sufficient to defray his necessary expences. This circumstance disabled him from assisting me as he wished; but he committed to my care whatever concerned the revenue matters of that town. He allotted also for my accommodation an excellent house, which had been fitted up for himself; and sent his own boats to bring my wife and family. When they arrived, he gave them a pension of 300 rupees a month. After behaving to me in this very handsome manner, it was natural in him to receive my visits with that particular distinction which he shewed me.

"I have already observed, that general Goddard's income at Chunar, was much below his expenditure: in consequence of this, he now determined to relinquish his situation, and get permission to enter

into the service of Azof ud Dowlah, having heard that that prince, dissatisfied with his old troops, had dismissed them, and intended to raise a new army, the discipline of which he wished to commit to the charge of an English officer of rank. My friend conceived that such an employment would be more suitable to his turn of mind, than the station he held at Chunar; and that it would likewise prove more profitable both to himself and me. But as he had no acquaintance with Mr. Bristow, who was then minister at Lucknow, he did not think it proper to make any personal application to him on the subject. On his asking my opinion of the matter, I proposed that he should give me a letter to another Englishman, a friend of Mr. Bristow's, to whom, by that means, I should find a ready introduction; and thereby be able to sound him in regard to the object in view, without mentioning his name. Of this he approved; and giving to me the letter to the gentleman at Lucknow, he wished me a successful journey."

' After, however, obtaining the consent of Mr. Bristow to this measure, all the views of the general and Golam were defeated, by the appointment of Mr. Middleton as resident in the room of Mr. Bristow. Though this was an intimate acquaintance of the general, from whose friendship he expected much, he totally disapproved of the measure. On the failure of this scheme, and the appointment of general Goddard to join the army in the Deccan, all connection between him and our author was broken off. At a more early period of his life, he had been employed in the courts of Aliverdi Khan, and that of his nephews, in consequential situations; and after having received various disappointments and reverses of fortune, he settled at last at Patna, where, on a sum of money left by his friends, he was enabled to support his family comfortably. It was there also, that during a period of quiet and retirement, he tells us he composed the *Seir Mutakhareen*. In the same city, in the earlier part of his life, he witnessed the massacre of the English, a cruelty which he reprobated, but which he could not prevent. He conferred, however, some obligations on Mr. Fullarton, the only person who escaped from that bloody catastrophe.' Vol. i. p. 277.

The letters in the first volume are all dated from Calcutta, and chiefly respect topics of a general, not a local kind: those in the second volume are dated from the successive stations of a migratory army, to which the author was chaplain, and contain many local particulars of the state of agriculture, and the face of the country. In the first letter, our author estimates at 33,000,000 the population of British India. His remarks on the Hindu husbandry will no doubt contribute to its improvement: but many of them are, in this climate, and with our own habits, only curious as statements of fact—wholly useless as lessons of experience. In the letter on travelling in a budgerrow (p. 59) on the Great river, it is said to be a prime object to move with additional rapidity large shallow vessels. Surely the steam-engine moving a water-wheel, might advantageously be substituted

to the oar. And as the French have lately contrived to boil soup by reflecting the sun's rays from various mirrors on the bottom of the boiler, it is probable that a steam-engine could in that climate usually be kept at work all day without the expense of fuel, by means of the heat reflected from a moveable hollow hemisphere or cylinder of mirrors.

In the account given of the pearl-fisheries, it does not appear that the natives understand the art of producing pearls at pleasure. Linnæus ascertained, that, by perforating the shell of the pearl-muscle, a pearl is in consequence produced at the orifice or puncture. Almost all shell-fishes can be collected, when very small, from the substances to which they attach themselves: in this minute state they can be transplanted to prepared beds, and arranged at regular distances, so as to favour their rapid and unhindered growth. Surely the pearl-muscle might in this way be stationed in adapted pits, and bored at the proper age so as to secure a pearl in every shell.

Silk is an article reared very imperfectly, or rather reeled very imperfectly, in the East Indies. The threads of Piémontese silk are five-fold. Five cocoons are flung at once into the boiler, and the utmost care is taken never to interrupt this uniform size of thread: as soon as one worm is reeled bare, another is substituted. But from the unevenness of the Bengal silk, it seems probable that sometimes eight or ten threads, and sometimes only four or five, are gathered in the same skein and on the same reel. By throwstering, these inequalities are indeed in a great degree subsequently corrected; but why should not the Bengal silk be brought to market in as perfect a state as that of Piémont? If the duty on silk were wholly withdrawn, and the East-Indian silk skilfully put together, it is probable that our manufacturers would furnish both the South of Europe and South America with silk stockings—a branch of trade very important, and as yet engrossed by the manufacturers of Lyons, Orange, Nismes, and other French towns.

An important letter is that on the distribution of property in land. Great evils arise in all communities from complex tenures and uncertain taxes; but how can it be hoped that a nation should reform the Mocurrery system in its distant dependencies, which still tolerates at home the distinction between real and personal, between freehold and copyhold property; which has neither commuted its tithes, redeemed its manorial rights, nor softened its game-laws?

The following anecdotes of superstition are striking.

‘ Religious fear is alone capable of extorting cash from a Hindoo; for of all the trials of his faith and patience, that is the most severe which touches the purse, and the only difficulty the Brahmin has to

encounter is to thrust his fingers there. An obstinate struggle between avarice and piety was lately exhibited by a large party of Mahrattas, about 12,000, who arrived here a few months ago. The Brahmins were offered four or five thousand rupees in the name of the whole caravan; while a larger sum was demanded on their part, accompanied with a threat of excluding the pilgrims from the holy precincts, if it was not immediately paid down. This had little effect, till a Brahmin, who knew his *monde*, offered to cut off one of his thumbs from his hand. Had this been the consequence of their obstinacy, they must not only have lost their cast, but according to their own creed, the blood of this holy man must have been expiated by their whole posterity. Such sins of fathers are visited upon their children, not for two or three generations, but *ad infinitum*.

‘ In comparison with such a destiny as this, the sum demanded was but a trifle; to the good pilgrims it appeared so; and they instantly paid it down.

‘ Some of these victims of superstition annually drown themselves at the junction of the streams: and this being the most acceptable of all offerings, it is performed with much solemnity. The person who thus undertakes a journey to the mansion of bliss, must present a larger sum to the priests, than the common herd of pilgrims. The rapidity with which the victim sinks, is regarded as a token of his favourable acceptance by the god of the river. To secure the good inclination of the deity, they carry out the devoted person to the middle of the stream, after having fastened pots of earth to his feet.

‘ The surrounding multitude on the banks, are devoutly contemplating the ceremony, and applauding the constancy of the victim; who, animated by their admiration, and the strength of his own faith, keeps a steady and resolute countenance, till he arrives at the spot, when he springs from the boat, and is instantly swallowed up amidst universal acclamations. Five or six different persons of either sex, have, since our arrival, in defiance of nature, thus boldly snatched the crown of martyrdom.

‘ Burning a wife on the funeral pile of her husband, is certainly the most painful exaction ever made by superstition on human ignorance. It seems, however, to be outdone by this more splendid effort of fanatical zeal; and drowning at Allahabad, appears to have superseded the use of the funeral pile. Of the latter I have heard but one instance since our arrival in these provinces.’ Vol. ii, p. 249.

A comparison between the expense of raising and making sugar in the West and East Indies is made at p. 290, which renders it probable that the oriental sugar will become cheaper than that cultivated by slaves, whose labour, as Adam Smith has fully proved, is always necessarily dearer than that of hired workmen,

Many important projects of improvement are interspersed among these entertaining and valuable letters, which contain much amusement for the general reader, and much instruction worthy of the practical attention both of the subject and of the ruler. They will add to the information of the merchant, the

farmer, the geographer, and the statist. They mix the useful with the agreeable; and may be compared with a dish of curry for the variety of their ingredients and the raciness of their seasoning.

ART. III.—*An accurate historical Account of all the Orders of Knighthood at present existing in Europe. To which are prefixed a critical Dissertation upon the ancient and present State of those equestrian Institutions, and a prefatory Discourse on the Origin of Knighthood in general, the whole interspersed with Illustrations and explanatory Notes. By an Officer of the Chancery of the equestrian secular and chapteral Order of Saint Joachim. 2 Vols. 8vo. 18s. Boards. White. 1803.*

THE appearance of this work is somewhat equivocal. Though in English, it is printed at Hamburg, and the language is in a foreign idiom. Its original form is not mentioned, nor is it professedly a translation. The notes are added by the editor; but of this gentleman we have not the slightest information. He seems, however, well acquainted with his subject; and the original author appears fully competent to the historical account he has attempted to collect.

The work is dedicated to lord Nelson in the glowing language of panegyric—we had almost said, of adulation. The dedication contains a short history of the orders of knighthood, which the author deduces from the crusades. Chivalry was, it is said, their offspring; and, together, they are styled ‘the prolific parents of modern navigation, manufactures, commerce, arts and sciences, elegant learning, and courtly politeness.’—The editor adds a commentary on these words, more valuable than the text, which we shall transcribe, without, however, assenting to the whole of the reasoning. The crusades undoubtedly gave a spring to the human mind; but our first Richard was a troubadour and the flower of chivalry before he saw the Holy Land. Constantinople would have been sacked, and the Medici sheltered the fugitive Greeks, had no expedition to Palestine ever taken place.

‘The crusades, are events unexampled. Operated by the zeal and policy of St. Bernard and the spirit of knight-errantry, which, from the days of Charlemagne, animated the nobles and gentry of the Christian states; for upwards of six centuries, they have had a marking influence on the destiny of Europe. The Asiatic campaigns of the crusaders, lasted above four hundred years; and the fact is not less indubitable than indisputable, that their martial expeditions into those remote regions, contributed to perfect the art of navigation, in which the northern nations had made but little progress. Prior to the first crusade, the Venetians, and the Genoese, were the only peo-

ple who were conversant with those matters. These holy wars introduced also to the knowledge of Europe, many aliments and articles of general utility, of which she was ignorant before; (*viz.* fruits, vegetables, spices, flax, hemp, cotton, and many drugs and medicinal plants) and thus laid the foundations of her subsequent manufactures and commerce. The crusaders likewise, gradually imported the usages, the polite manners, and the learning of Constantinople. These, became progressively diffused throughout the various parts of our continent, and were still further augmented by the overthrow of the Eastern Empire; the dispersion of many noble and learned Greeks; and the fostering protection of the Medici. Succeeding princes, in Italy, France, Germany, and England, by their liberality and patronage, have advanced, whatsoever is connected with arts and sciences, commerce and navigation, society and manners, as nearly as possible, to the highest state of perfection. And we must not omit observing, that the troubadours, and the old romancers; those fore-runners of Tasso, Ariosto, and our modern dramatists and novellists, are luxuriant branches, of the same vigorous and fruitful stock.' Vol. i. p. xi.

Many of the orders of knighthood have been formed by sovereigns; but others have owed their origin to nobles, and some to merchants: the order of Malta was founded by pilgrims. Germany is the most fruitful source of these institutions; but they are not so numerous as uninformed travellers would suspect from the number of crosses, &c. which they may observe. These are the badges of the prebends of chapters now secularised, offices not at present borne by laymen.

'It now becomes proper, to observe, that the number of orders existing in Europe, is not so considerable, as is generally imagined. They amount, in all to sixty-six. To convince your lordship, of the exactness of this statement, I shall class them in the following manner: there are three chapteral, which elect their own grand-masters, one papal, eight imperial, thirty-two royal, five electoral and archiepiscopal, thirteen ducal, or princely, and four destined particularly for the fair sex.

'In all civilized states, during a period of seven centuries, orders of chivalry, have constantly maintained their existence.

'In such states, these incentives to perform and achieve deeds of glory; these rewards destined to crown military valour and prowess, and to recompense personal merit; will for ever exist.

'The splendid medal and the gorgeous chain, bestowed by the Batavian republic—the swords, the battle axes of honour, and the three-coloured scarfs, presented by the hand of a chief-consul—or the magnificent aigrette, conferred by the Ottoman empire—are to every intent the same, as the ribbon and badge, with which his Britannic majesty invested your lordship; or as the one, which the noble victor of Camperdown, received from the emperor of Russia.

'Even in the days of Cromwell, which breathed every spirit, save that of courteous gallantry; Whitelock, the ambassador from the protector to the court of Sweden, accepted the order of the amaranth,

from the famous Christina. Her majesty invested him with the ensigns, upon its first institution; nor did the protector express any disapprobation.' Vol. i. p. xvi.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is observed that the sovereigns cemented their alliance by the mutual exchange of orders; and that nine kings of France were successively invested with the order of the garter. This courteous and gallant intercourse seems to have ceased in consequence of the reformation, the distractions occasioned by the thirty years' war, the rebellion in England, and the gloomy habits of a fanatical protectorate. The intercourse begins now to revive: English officers have been honoured with foreign badges; and the English spirit will merit the distinction wherever it has a field for action. The editor is mistaken in saying that there is no military order in England: that of the bath, though not exclusively confined to the military profession, is the usual meed of the gallant hero.

This compilation, it is said, is wholly undertaken for the English traveller and the student in modern history. It is compiled from the historical collections of Eichler and Archenholtz, particularly from original documents deposited in the archives of several modern orders. The notes and illustrations are drawn from Collins's Peerage, Clarke's concise History of Knighthood, and many other eminent authors.

The prefatory discourse chiefly relates to the origin of knighthood; and though some distinctions, similar to the ensigns of knighthood, are found among many nations at different æras, yet the real institutions can scarcely be discovered till after the return of the crusaders.

The various orders of knighthood had lost much of their interest since the great objects of their institution were no more; and they became only an apology for wearing badges and ornaments which derived their chief value from those who had before been distinguished by them. This was the case with all but a few military orders in different kingdoms; and of the order of the bath in England, which was generally considered as an order of merit, chiefly of military merit. The late events, however, have raised emulation of every kind; and the signal victories rewarded by these orders, have procured them general estimation. It is a circumstance peculiarly singular, noticed by our author, that, while the ancient orders were very generally instituted as a union of warriors to extirpate the infidels, this æra should have seen an order established by infidels to reward their Christian allies.

As our author confines himself to existing orders, we shall not have occasion to engage in any obsolete disquisitions. Indeed, to examine his narratives at large, would be a tedious, generally an uninteresting, labour. We have, however, followed

him, in many parts, through works now seldom looked at; and whose number, were we to quote them, would subject us to the charge of affectation. For the most part we are satisfied with his accuracy; but in a few instances he is not sufficiently explicit—in some, not sufficiently full. It was perhaps necessary to confine his researches, if, in this indolent age, he expected his work to be read.—We shall, therefore, chiefly notice the modern orders, unless any particular observation should occur; and, as we must have some limits, we shall, for reasons not necessary to explain, consider those only as new establishments, which arose since the commencement of the eighteenth century.

The first section contains the ecclesiastical and chapteral orders. Of these, the knights of Malta, the Teutonic order, and that of St. Joachim, only exist. The last was instituted in 1755, and is particularly interesting as lord Nelson was honoured with a high rank in it—that of grand-commander. This order was instituted by many princes and nobles in Germany, seemingly for the purpose of promoting the interests of religion and morality. It was first styled the order of Jonathan, but changed to Joachim, the father of the Virgin. The history of the order is detailed somewhat minutely; but we shall select only those circumstances which incapacitate any one to be a member: we have no other account of its chief objects.

‘Those who are incapable of being admitted or received as knights &c. &c. of this equestrian chapteral and secular order, are as follows:

‘Such as are accused of blasphemy; such as are guilty of high-treason; rebellion: or felony to their sovereign. Those who desert their service in time of war; or are cashiered with ignominy. Those who have acted contrary to every principle of duty, conscience and honour.’ Vol. i. p. 56.

Ladies also may become members.

‘As personal virtue; hereditary nobility; and gentility of descent, or extraction; intitle ladies to be admitted into this equestrian foundation and chapteral order; so, on the contrary; a vicious life; corrupted morals; and disorderly manners; are an insuperable bar. All those are formally and absolutely excluded, whose conversation, life, and manners, are repugnant to the principles of religion, morality, and female honour. When on such accounts, a lady is denounced to the order, by a knight thereof, as having insinuated herself therein; (although her life and conduct are such, as render her unworthy of being received;) then the right appertains to the grand-master, and to the general-chapter, to degrade so unworthy a person; and to deprive her of the insignia; and that without even being obliged to name the accuser—Nevertheless, the person so degraded, has a right to examine the protocol of the general-chapter, to the end that she may exhibit her defence.—Thereupon, the counsellor of justice is obliged to plead her cause, and that in the manner the most advan-

tageous for her reputation and honour.—Should it however be proved that such a lady is really innocent ; in that case, the denouncer shall be named, and as a calumniating brother, shall be degraded, from the order ; and expelled from its bosom.—To accusations preferred, or denunciations made by anonymous persons ; by such as are guided by malice, or credulity ; and who are not knights of this order, no attention will be given.—They shall, *in toto*, be deemed false ; scandalous ; and ill-founded ; and treated as such.’ Vol i. p. 79.

Piety, resignation, patience, and the milder domestic virtues of Anna, the mother of Mary, must distinguish the fair members of this order.

‘ They must endeavour to distinguish themselves, above other women, by the practice of every moral and social virtue : and must conscientiously fulfil the duties attached to their sex ; and which especially appertain unto them, as wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. Inviolable fidelity in the marriage state : tenderness and carefulness, with regard to the persons and education of their children : mildness and beneficence towards their inferiors and servants : and, charity and generosity towards the poor and needy, the widow and the fatherless, ought ever to be the cardinal points of the compass of life, by which they must steer their conduct ; and regulate the whole of their lives and actions. Moreover, they are obliged to take the three following vows.

- ‘ 1. As well in the single as in the married state, they shall educate children as true mothers ought to do : that is to say, such as are intrusted to their care, in the first instance ; and such as are their own, in the second. They must endeavour to make them useful members of the state to which they belong ; and must further and promote the education of other young people.
- ‘ 2. Each lady of the order, must distinguish herself, with respect to her apparel, by wearing none but honourable and decent dresses.
- ‘ 3. Each lady of the order, must avoid playing at games of hasard ; and never play deep upon any occasion ; since gaming has but too often been, and still too frequently is, the ruin of many families.’ Vol. i. p. 81.

Why is not such an order established in this kingdom ? The lady of the highest rank in it might properly be the patroness and the great example.

The only papal order is that of the golden spur, instituted in 1559, and, as a single one, we may remark, that our author, though he admits that Pius did not really institute this order, does not carry it properly back to its source. Pius only restored it, and gave the members the appellation of *Pii participantes*. The real institutor was Solomon Boxhorn, who died at Ceraunia on his return from Syria, where he had fought at his own expense. At least his monument remained, within the period of historical record, in the church of St. Peter at Louvain, where he was represented in the *costume* of the order. He died in

1410.—There were once many other papal orders: but none are now in existence; and they were never highly esteemed.

The third section contains orders of imperial creation. That of St. Constantine, instituted in 313, and St. Andrew of Russia, established in 1698, may be considered as not requiring particular notice. The order of St. Stephen of Hungary is of a later date—*viz.* of the year 1764—and of superior rank to that of Maria Teresa, though of a lower æra. It is a civil order; and the second and third classes admit men of merit independent of rank: the first embraces men of the highest rank only.

The order of Maria Teresa is a military one, instituted in 1757 by Francis I. and Maria Teresa. This is the order of which sir Robert Wilson and some other officers of the fifteenth light-dragoons are members, for their services at Lincelles, where, by furiously attacking a very superior body of French troops, they rescued the emperor from being surrounded. The author, however, is not aware of the little intrigues which occasioned the first change in the emperor's design of admitting these officers into the order, and the substitution of the honorary reward of medals; and we perceive, in the account of the order, that the little punctilio which induced the knights to think the English officers inadmissible is carefully passed over. The explanation was admitted in consequence of the emperor repeating his request in a manner that could not be mistaken.

The order of St. Alexander Newsky, in Russia, was instituted in 1725, by Catharine I. Prince Menzikof was the first knight. This also is military, and no one can bear it below the rank of a major-general. Lord Duncan was honoured with it after the glorious victory at Camperdown.

The order of St. George of Russia was instituted by Catharine II.; but the members of this order have not been very communicative; and no account is given of it. We find, in the annals of chivalry, numerous orders decorated with this title—St. George à grande croix; St. George of Carinthia, Austria, Genoa, Rome, Germany and Ravenna; but whether the Russian order were taken from any one, we know not. It is a military order, and the late general Lloyd was a knight of it.

The order of St. Wolodimer was instituted by Catherine of Russia, as well as the preceding order of St. George. It was neglected during the short reign of Paul I. and revived by Alexander. It is merely a civil order.

The next is the order of the Turkish crescent, founded by the grand-seignor on receiving the account of the victory of Aboukir. Lord Nelson was first invested with it; lord Hutchinson, lord Elgin, sir Richard Bickerton, and about 800 other English officers, in two classes, received a similar distinction. It is singular that an order of the crescent formerly existed, founded by

Charles of Anjou in the thirteenth, or René of Anjou in the fifteenth century;—but long since disused.

Of the royal orders, that of the Holy Ghost of France (1578); of St. Lazarus of France (1607); St. Louis of France (1693); St. Michael of France (1469); of Calatrava (1158); Alcantara (1170); St. James of Compostella (1175); St. James of Montesa (1317); of the garter, thistle, and bath; of Christ of Portugal (1319); of Avis (1147); of the seraphim, and the sword of Sweden (1334 and 1525); of the white elephant of Denmark (1190); of Dannebrog of Denmark (1219); of the white eagle of Poland (1325); of the black eagle of Prussia (1701); of generosity of Prussia (1685); the annunciation of Savoy or Sardinia (1434); of St. Maurice of Savoy (1434); are beyond our limits.

The order of military merit, in France, was founded by the pacific cardinal Fleury in 1759. The limitations of this order were curious. As the order of St. Louis excluded all protestants, this admitted all, if in foreign regiments; but a protestant in a French regiment, and a Roman-catholic in a foreign one, were equally excluded.

The order of Charles III., or the immaculate conception, is a Spanish order founded in 1771, as a testimony of gratitude to the Almighty for the birth of a son, and of Charles's belief in that tenet of his holy religion. It ranks immediately after the golden fleece, and no one is admitted but the principal nobility.

Of the order of St. Patrick we have no account, the king at arms having neglected the author's application for intelligence. Established, however, under our own eyes, and its badges worn on most solemn occasions, we want little information of this kind; and we shall prefer a short extract from the conclusion of the chapter on the order of the bath.

'To the latter' (sir William Hamilton) 'the liberal arts; the profound sciences; the belles-lettres; the British empire, for his services; his countrymen and foreigners, of all descriptions, for his politeness and unremitted hospitality: are, and will be, under eternal obligations. To this great man, to this wise and able minister (worthy of being classed with the Dossats and Walsinghams, of a former age) England is much indebted, for his judicious negotiations, at the court of Naples, during an embassy of seven and thirty years; the last nine of which, were not less eventful, than of a nature to require cool judgement, consummate dexterity, and intrepid courage on the part of the negotiator. The manner in which a generous nation has requited sir William Hamilton, is an evident and unequivocal proof of the high and just value she sets upon his long and faithful services. The boon is not equal to the deserts of the receiver. Although illiberally glanced at, in a certain senate, it is confirmed to sir William Hamilton by the unanimous suffrages of the dispassionate part of all Europe. We say of "*all Europe*." For so long as that gentleman filled that honourable post, his benevolent exertions extended to every nation. Notwithstanding this mission was of so considerable dura-

tion, sir William Hamilton constantly enjoyed the confidence, the friendship, and the affection of their Sicilian majesties. He was esteemed and venerated by the nobility, and respected and adored by all classes, throughout the kingdom. His countrymen who visited that capital, could not avoid entertaining a due and proper sense of his kindness and urbanity. The arts in England, are likewise proportionately indebted to sir William Hamilton. To him, that country owes her grateful thanks, for the inestimable collection of Etruscan vases, which, progressively, have formed a taste, unknown before in that island. In 1788, the editor of this work, in company with the marquis of Lorn, M. de Saussure of Lausanne, and two English gentlemen, visited the gallery at Florence. One of the latter, observing an Etruscan vase in an apartment, exclaimed—"there!—there is one of those old pots and pans, for a collection of which our *wise* parliament, gave 14000 pound to sir William Hamilton!"—"Truely Sir!" replied the superintendant of the gallery, "your parliament was very *wise* indeed, in making such an acquisition. Every branch of your manufactures, has benefited thereby. You have acquired, and made as it were your own, a gusto with regard to ornaments, such as hath spread its influence over every article, which can, or does contribute, to the necessities, or luxuries of life: and of which, comparatively speaking, you, to a certain degree, were ignorant before. What would Wedgewood—Clay of Birmingham—your paper-manufactories, your artists, and your artisans, in a thousand various lines, have been, without that collection?—For every pound paid to your discerning and judicious minister at Naples, Wedgewood's manufactory alone, has repaid the nation in the proportion of 1000, for each pound sterling!"—This, is unbought praise. I know not, nor am I connected with sir William Hamilton: but, I have lived long in Italy: and no one could reside long in that country, and hold any other language. As to all other points; what Pope said of himself, with respect to the virtuous sir John Barnard lord-mayor of London; and to the worthy man of Ross; I with equal justice, can apply to myself, respecting sir William Hamilton." Vol. ii. p. 22.

The order of fidelity is Danish, established in 1732 by the queen Sophia Magdalena, in remembrance of a marriage crowned with unusual felicity. *Since the year 1770*, the order has not been conferred on any one.

The order of the sword of Sweden must be noticed on account of its having received sir Sidney Smith among its members, in consequence of his gallant conduct in the Russian war. The author's eulogy on this able and spirited officer is highly animated—perhaps a little too warm.

The order of the polar star, in Sweden, is comparatively modern—instituted in 1748. It is a civil order, and a certain number of ribbons are kept for bishops and dignitaries of the church. Sir William Chambers was a member of it: Linnæus was another. The order of Vasa, instituted in 1772, does not offer any thing very interesting. Sir John Hill was one of its

earliest members. To this article, as well as to the former lists of the orders of different nations, the editor has added a short account of earlier and obsolete orders; and he has, on every occasion, added to the value of the work by learned and able disquisitions.

The only Polish order which occurs of modern date, and whose abolition must follow after a very short period from its origin, is that of the late excellent but unfortunate king of Poland. It was instituted on his coronation, in 1765; and as no king of Poland exists, and by the statutes the king of Poland on his accession becomes grand-master, no other knights can be added.—We are informed, in the work before us, that Stanislaus was a younger branch of an Italian family. Torelli, the last male of the eldest branch, was alive in 1792. This branch is, perhaps, now extinct; but we have reason to think that the name is preserved in some of the younger scions of a stock famous in literary annals.

‘As a knight of the order of the white eagle, the right honourable George earl Macartney, is a knight of this order.

‘Sir Benjamin Thompson, comte de Rumford, is a knight of this order; as is sir William Neville Hart. This gentleman was formerly member of parliament for the borough of Stafford, and distinguished himself in the house of commons by a speech on the royal-marriage act, for which, by Frederick lord North, he received the thanks of his majesty. He resided many years on the continent, and successively visited France, Italy, Germany, and the northern courts. His manuscript journals, are said to contain a most valuable collection of anecdotes: and we are informed, that his accurate description of Rome, composed during the year 1788 and still in manuscript, is well deserving the attention of the curious and the learned. Sir William Hart was long attached to the service of his late majesty Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowsky, king of Poland, who was pleased to nominate him an actual chamberlain to his royal person; and was further pleased to invest him with the order of Saint Stanislaus. This dignity was conferred upon him, by a special diploma, bearing date, Warsaw the 27th December 1794.’ Vol. ii. p. 105.

The Prussian order of the white eagle was instituted in 1701; the order of merit in 1740; but they do not offer any very interesting subject of remark.

Two modern, Neapolitan, orders present themselves to our notice, that of St. Januarius of Naples (1738), and that of St. Ferdinand and of merit of Sicily (1800). The first was instituted by Charles, afterwards Charles III. of Spain. General Acton, of whom we have frequently heard of late, was a knight of this order, whose fame, in our author’s opinion, has not equalled his merits. On this subject we cannot enlarge, and it little becomes us to decide. The other Neapolitan, or Sicilian, order, was established for the admission of lord Nelson and the British officers; the profession of the Roman-catholic religion, and a

belief in the miraculous liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood, being indispensable for admission into the former order. Lord Nelson, Suwarow, Paul I., the king of Naples, his two sons, the ministers and chief nobles—in the whole 21—were nominated as knights grand-crosses. The second class is limited to no particular number. Several of the naval officers of this country, who at that time served in the Mediterranean, were honoured by admission into this class.

The fifth and sixth sections contain the electoral and archiepiscopal, the ducal and princely, orders; the seventh, the orders for the ladies, of which two only were instituted in Russia in the last century. These are not of sufficient importance to induce us to enlarge on them. The order of the golden fleece, instituted by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy and Brabant, and earl of Flanders, is second only to that of the garter. The account of the ducal order of the white falcon, or of vigilance, of Saxe-Weimar, instituted in 1732, is prefaced by some 'general observations upon the present state of learning and the learned in Germany, and upon the countenance and protection particularly shown to literature and its professors by the sovereigns and nobility of the court of Saxe-Weimar.' These observations, however, are very general, and not peculiarly valuable. The order itself, instituted by the duke of Saxe-Weimar, prince of Parma, is highly honourable. Many of the military orders of the German princes are also greatly respected: some of these, with their dominions, have now merged in the all-devouring sovereigns of the neighbourhood. A separate section is assigned to the order of the amaranth in Sweden; a distinction that we cannot explain, except that Whitelock was honoured with it by its foundress Christina, and Cromwell was not displeased at his accepting it. Our author should have remarked, that Ashmole mentions that Christina established this order at Rome, after her abdication, in honour of a damsel of whom she was fond, named Amarantha. Considering the character and propensities of Christina, we think this the more probable. She never was fond of sovereignty till she had resigned it.

In our review of this publication, we have preferred a short account of what is most interesting in it to a few cavils on accidental inaccuracies. On the whole, the work is a valuable one; and, although in a dress somewhat uncouth, numerous facts are collected on a subject of which no man of education, and no traveller, should be ignorant. The editor has added greatly to our information by many notes, in which the substance of entire disquisitions is often included in a few lines.

ART. IV.—*Holcroft's Travels in Holland, Germany, and France.*
(Continued from p. 369, of our preceding Volume.)

TO survey the *mores* as well as the *urbes hominum multorum*, is no inconsiderable part of a traveller's duty; and it renders his work more interesting, since in this way he adds to the history of the human mind—teaches often what to avoid or what to imitate—exhibits, by comparison, the mistakes of his country and the errors of his countrymen. In a comparison of this kind, however, strict impartiality can scarcely be expected. From habit we overlook our own faults: from a venial, sometimes a laudable partiality, we soften the harsher features of our own portraits; and, from an error of the opposite kind, we occasionally magnify those of our neighbours. This partial survey, nevertheless, extends only to common customs. The *quid decens et decorum*; the *quid utile, quid non*—the higher duties which morality and religion teach and inculcate—are not within the sphere of such influence; and, in the lighter views of the subject, error, while it excites speculation and inquiry, may not be in its consequences injurious.

‘ I once again protest I deprecate as truly as I despise, not only the attempt, but the very supposition of any desire to degrade the people of France. If I do them injustice, it is not done wilfully. The sole end I have in view is to excite all men to inquiry; and more than others, on this occasion, the French themselves: as it more nearly concerns themselves, and as there are among them men whose powers of mind are of the first order, and of whose patriotic intentions and virtues no doubt can be entertained. Let them rouse from their present lethargy; not into any of the petty schemes of a confusedly indignant mind, impotently attempting to root up evil by dispossessing misguided individuals of power; but, by the undaunted inquiry into and persevering publication of facts, whoever may be the individual they may implicate, or whatever the nation they may be thought to dishonour. The knowledge of these, being disseminated, will be more potent in the correction of abuses than any destruction of the vicious monopolies of power; which must moulder away, in proportion as knowledge shall increase and morals improve. Where ignorance among the multitude prevails, tyranny can only succeed to tyranny. Exceptions of individuals in power, good and ill, will exist; but between the virtues of the nation and the virtues of the government there ever must be an intimate relation.’ Vol. ii. p. 166.

The picture of Paris and the Parisians before us, is certainly not a flattering likeness; yet it is probably a faithful one. We shall copy a few of the features, and, holding the portrait before a convex mirror, reduce it to a miniature sketch.

The second volume commences with various prolix quotations from St. Foix, respecting the ancient duels, and proceeds

to street-orators, itinerant jugglers, &c. The antiquities of Paris were sung in doggrel rhyme, intermixed with recitation, to fix or recall the attention. The design of this comparatively modern minstrel was to sell his penny books, of which he boasted that copies had been sent to the national library.—In England we have a superfluity of minute inventions, to save our trouble or to add to our importance: in France these are few; and the whole history before us forms an incongruous mixture of splendor and meanness, of magnificence and filth, of pompous promises and inadequate execution. The description of the count de Gébelin's museum is an instance in point.

‘By the word *Museum* my expectations were raised: though unaccustomed to such studies, the variety and richness of the British and Leverian museums had often given me pleasure; and the terms, in which count de Gébelin and the establishment under his direction were described, led me to suppose I should see objects that might vie with, if not surpass, all I had beheld. This museum was in *la Rue Dauphine*, now *la Rue Thionville*, opposite *le Pont Neuf*; and there he had his apartments. Being introduced, he first showed us his study; a small apartment with a few book-shelves, that were chiefly filled with the manuscript volumes of his *Monde Primitif*, and other productions, which, as the works of an individual, were sufficiently voluminous: as for the books and authors consulted, he had no doubt resorted for those to the public libraries of Paris; the easy access to which cannot be too highly praised.

‘I soon led to the topic of the museum; and he described it, not yet quite in the state of perfection it was to attain, but, with the highest hopes for the future. I found the plan of the institution was, not merely to be a cabinet of curiosities, but, a place where students assembled for the pursuits of philosophy; and with every object for this purpose the museum was to be richly supplied.

‘After this preface, we were taken to the saloon itself, which, as usual, was magnificent, superb, grand; and my surprise was indeed great: but it was not at the stores and natural curiosities it contained; of these it was absolutely empty, a single fossil bone excepted: nothing was to be seen but a large hall, with a number of wooden benches.

‘My disappointment was angry; and my reflexions, on the national habit of ostentatious promise and pomp of language, and on the alliance of the little and the great, were strongly sarcastic. It requires great intercourse with the world, and much just thinking, to make us refrain from laughing at and despising a nation, when we detect instances in which the practice and habits of the nation lead to the irrational, the ridiculous, or the absurd. This instance, in fact, resembles ten thousand others, that intrude and force themselves into notice in France; where grand projects are daily formed, and no sooner conceived than imagined to be in actual existence, and so described.’ Vol. ii. p. 24.

The profligacy of French manners has been the constant subject of the moralist's reprobation. On this point the author

enlarges a little too much, and rakes into the disgusting remains of the immorality of the former monarchs. At present, the daughters of prostitution are said to be less numerous; and it is not surprising: when from a relaxation of morals a whole kingdom becomes a brothel, the professed inhabitants of such an institution are no longer necessary. Gallantry and incontinence were always fashionable in France; and we wanted not a translation of the dramatic proverbs, to point out the gross profligacy of the men, or the absurd levity of the women.

The French demand, as a right, the reputation of being gallant and well bred. Mr. Holcroft, while he acknowledges the claim, undermines it by some observations of a contrary tendency. Decency—at least what we would call propriety of manner and decorum—is not apparently of equal consequence; and our author is so full and minute in his reprobation of the conduct of both sexes in this respect, as almost to fall into the same error. Yet the French authors claim also for their nation this virtue; but, in reality, much depends on custom, which, from habituating us to certain language and conduct, lessens, in our view, the impropriety which glares disgustingly to a stranger.

‘ Few things are more truly ridiculous than the affectation of delicacy. When I hear a man talk of his *small clothes*, I imagine I am in company with a fool, or the son of a washer-woman. Real delicacy results from a thorough acquaintance with the usages of the world, which bids us carefully avoid offending those usages; and from chastened but unobtruding moral principles.

‘ I suppose it to be true, that, had there never been vicious actions, there never would have been vicious interpretations; and that comparisons, of delicacy or of decency, could not then have entered the thoughts. From this the wit of casuistry has inferred that the most delicate persons are the most indecent. The doctrine is absurd; for it is in direct contradiction with facts. Delicacy, without affectation, is seen most in those families whose conduct has the most order, good sense, and virtue; while our ears and eyes are insulted even in the open streets, by the profligate and the debauched.

‘ That words do effectually become indelicate, from the vicious habits of a nation, cannot be more aptly shown than in the reproaches made by Voltaire, and other French writers, against the English; for their daring to pronounce the word *Cuckold*, on the stage. The French have increased so fast in gallantry that, though the word was of familiar use in the time of *Moliere*, as the comedies of that age abundantly prove, it appears as if it could not now be listened to without exciting disagreeable recollections in a whole audience. It is of the worst species of false delicacy to practise and even to make a sport of vice, yet pretend to take offence at hearing it named.¹

Vol. ii. p. 95.

Like many other subjects of discussion which occur in these volumes, this adverted to in the passage before us is eluded. The principle on which it depends is, that the scrupulously delicate man is offended, not from the words or the image presented, but from the associations which it excites in his mind. If that be not polluted, the offence is trifling or pardonable.

Dress and fashions succeed—an inexhaustible fund, from which we shall make no extracts. The present fashion of thin drapery, it is said, was derived from the ancient sculptors, who, not to hide the form, represented the dress as wet. Our ladies, to avoid the effects of cold, lessen whatever would prevent its close application to the limbs. This suggests an illustration of what we have just said concerning delicacy of feeling, and what we lately had occasion to remark respecting decency. It is no great violation of decorum to see an actress dance in a male habit: let the dress be the same, but let her wear a petticoat, it becomes indecent: let the drawers be of a light pink, and it is highly immodest. The indecency, in the last situation, can then only arise from the fancy: the person is more concealed than in the first. A similar instance is the picture of a girl in a high wind, which is much more indelicate than the statue of the *Venus de' Medici*.

Education is the next subject; and that of the French is in every respect erroneous. In their early age, intrusted to hireling nurses, their minds are left blanks, or imbibe errors which no subsequent care can eradicate. When at length the business of education really commences, the ignorance or inattention of the preceptor—the variety of light trifling information inculcated—give only the semblance of knowledge without its substance, and enable the student to chatter by rote the lesson he has been taught. Even at the public examinations, the questions are said to have been previously concerted; and when any one of the company is requested to propose others, the task is generally undertaken by some confederate. In short, every thing is conducted by intrigue. It is well observed, that a person who can practise such intrigues, may, and probably does, possess talents, but never can be a man of genius.

Foster-nursing, in France as in England, when the infant is not carefully superintended, is liable to numerous inconveniences. Neglect and filth undermine the constitution; accidents, from inattention, injure the frame. Hence arise numerous instances of deformity, which are certainly more general in France than in England. Death, in the early periods of life, is also more frequent; and what is of worse consequence still, the temptation of procuring an elevated situation for their own offspring, will probably, and has often, induced nurses to substitute their children for their foster-brothers. From this cause changes of children are frequently the foundation of plays and novels, disgust-

ing to an English reader as highly absurd, since he is unacquainted with the circumstances which can alone render the plot probable. The following anecdote is admirably related; yet it loses some of its interest by the incident subjoined.

'*Remousat* was the father of a large family; and it appears that, at Marseilles as at Paris, it must have been the custom to send children from home to nurse. The nurse of one of these children, perceiving her end approach and being troubled in conscience, sent for her confessor, and related to him that the child of *Remousat* had died, that she had substituted her own son, and that this son had long been received as the child of *Remousat*; adding that she could not die in peace, unless the confessor would promise her to reveal the truth.

'Thinking it his duty so to act, the confessor readily gave his consent; and took a proper opportunity to fulfil his promise, by imparting the painful secret to *Remousat*.

'The good father had carefully cherished an equal affection for all his children; and, as affection is nothing but the result of habitual intercourse, a repetition of kind offices, the thankfulness with which they are received and their mutual exchange, *Remousat* felt no less affection for the youth who had been imposed upon him as a son, and who had eminently performed all the duties of a son, than for his other children, and the secret remained for a time entirely with himself and the confessor.

'When his death approached, whether he thought it a duty to make the truth known or feared the indiscretion of the priest, he desired his family might be assembled round him; and, as they stood by the bed side, his memory busily retracing past pleasures, his heart aching with paternal tenderness, and his eyes overflowing with tears, he said to them—"My children, I am justly esteemed a happy father: you all love me, I know not which the most: you love one another; it is your happiness never to have encouraged mean jealousies, selfish wishes, or any unworthy arts for their gratification: you are a family most happily united: will there, do you think, ever be division among you?"

"Never! Never!" was the unanimous cry—

"There is not one," continued the dying father, "who has not performed to me the best and dearest duties of a child; and yet perhaps you will be astonished to hear—there is one among you, who is not my child"—

"Good heavens!"

"One of you is a changeling: shall I say which?"—

'The question was no sooner uttered than, with the sudden emotion of real union, and the consanguinity of a noble enthusiasm, they interlaced their arms in a general embrace, declared they were in heart and soul one family, would everlastingly so remain, and solemnly conjured the father never to let them know the secret.

'To a father, having such a family and such feelings, this was the enjoyment of an age of pleasure at the very moment of death. He might triumphantly say—Now let me die! My heart has not room for more.' Vol. ii. p. 143.

'It is no uncommon thing in French families, when reproving children, to frighten them by saying they shall be sent away; for that children so naughty must certainly have been changed at nurse. A family of young French ladies, in my hearing, described the painful sensations they had experienced, when so threatened; and the consolation of each other, when alone, by embracing and protesting that they were and ever would be sisters. Of the various modes and degrees of punishment to which children are subject, how few are there that are not, in their nature and effects, vicious, excessive, and dangerous!' Vol. ii. p. 147.

We have just now observed that education in France is trifling and imperfect. Some of the schools are conducted with an irregular activity, a remitted attention; and others are altogether neglected. Yet visitants, or examiners, are appointed, and the first consul, now the emperor, is at the head of the whole. Strange, that it can be supposed possible for *one* head to pervade every department, from the infant who lisps the elements of knowledge, to the army designed to over-turn an empire—to the institute from whom the discovery of new worlds may be expected!

Some miscellaneous chapters follow, chiefly descriptive of the Parisian populace, whose manners are not very favourably delineated, but they are characteristic and interesting. We shall select a passage.

'Of their *gaieté de cœur*, gay or lively hearts, they are continually vaunting: but are they really so gay as they profess to be? What is it they understand by gaiety? Is a propensity to talk and to trifle a certain sign of cheerfulness?

'If they possess a calm yet habitually cheerful mind, there are signs of gloominess every where surrounding them for which it will be difficult to account.

'The height of the houses almost excludes the sun; except when it shines directly up or down a street. The windows of the lower story are numbers of them guarded by large iron bars, and have the appearance of prisons. The *portes-cochères*, and the courts to which they lead, are heavy, and darker than the streets.

'The furniture of the rich is grand, so likewise are their hotels and apartments. Cushions of down, with rich velverets, flowered silks, scarlet damasks, and gilding abound with the wealthy: but they are heavy of form, unwieldy to the hand, and are designed for the use of people, not muscular, but, light of limb and impatient in their actions. Furniture like this and apartments so vast do not accord with gaiety that would always be in motion.

'Discontent is no feature of gaiety: yet discontent is the certain result of want of order and economy; and I have never in other nations discovered this feeling so frequently as in the physiognomy of the French, when reading the countenance at rest, or of passengers that were solitary. They readily smile, but rarely laugh; and when the features are motionless they are often marked with irritability, or restless dissatisfaction.

‘The encounter of wretchedness does not excite to gaiety: ragged and dirty clothing, meagre frames, squalid countenances, women and old age tottering under burthens, and misery continually met in a variety of forms, cannot contribute to cheerfulness: by being so frequently seen, the emotions thus excited are so enfeebled as scarcely to be felt; still however they have their effect, which is far indeed from cheering to the heart.’ Vol. ii. p. 194.

Suicide and assassination are not uncommon; and the description of the *Morgue*, the place where the dead found in the streets and in the river are deposited, is a mournful proof that these are no uncommon events. Through the whole of France, the number of suicides are supposed to be about five in two days. From some facts afterwards mentioned, the proportion is certainly greater, and may be safely estimated at more than three daily.

The French are tender and compassionate, but their feelings are transitory: they are passing gleams—we had almost said momentary meteors. Their habitual carelessness and inattention prevent these feelings from regulating their conduct with propriety and consistency. We cannot, however, forbear transcribing the following anecdote from this part of the work.

‘A poor old man had a dog, which he had reared from a puppy, and with which he had daily shared the parsimonious morsel that was scarcely sufficient for the subsistence of both. By age and scantiness of food, his strength declined so fast that he could no longer procure enough to keep his dog and himself alive. He would have given the animal away, but he had no form of beauty, or qualities that could attract the attention and friendship of others; and, driven to extremity, his master took him in his arms, tied a stone to one end of the string and the other end round the neck of the dog, carried him to one of the bridges, wept over him, kissed him, and plunged him into the river: after which he went and sat down by the side of the wall, covered his face with his hands, and was seized with the agonizing thought that he had that instant wilfully put to death the only remaining friend he had on earth.

‘He had scarcely remained a minute, in this disconsolate state, when a neighbour passing came up; and, seeing him thus, immediately inquired what had happened?

“I am a miserable and guilty wretch,” said the old man: “I do not deserve to live: there was but one creature in the world that loved me, and him I have this minute destroyed?”

“Who; what creature? And how destroyed?”

“My poor, my patient Fidel; that suffered with me, and never murmured.”

“But what of him?”

“I have thrown him over the bridge.”

“And why did you so?”

“I had no longer any food to give him, without fasting myself; and for that I had not courage.”

“No food? When did you leave home?”

"Early this morning. I have been in the *Champs Elysées* : I sat there all day with Fidel."

"Then you do not know that *Antoine* is returned?"

"Returned? How should he return? I should not now have been starving, if he had not fallen at Toulon."

"So every body thought; but it was not true: he was taken prisoner, has made his escape, and is now waiting at home, impatient to embrace his father."

"My dear boy, my *Antoine*, living?"

"I have seen him."

"Oh what a rash wretch have I been to drown Fidel! I do not deserve the blessing which heaven has sent me."

'The old man had scarcely finished this his last regret before Fidel came running up, and jumped into his arms. The stone had slipped out of the noose, Fidel swam to shore, and the poor old man's happiness was as great as it was unexpected.' Vol. ii. p. 216.

The beggars, the churches, processions, and state of religious sentiments, are next noticed; but on these subjects we find little novelty. In the subsequent chapters, the folly and credulity of the common people are very properly exposed. These are, indeed, the weaknesses of every nation, though perhaps peculiarly conspicuous where so many sources of information are excluded.

What shall we say of Bonaparte? *citizen, general, first consul, EMPEROR!* a character most contradictory; a 'man of strange fortunes, the minion of many centuries, the miraculous progeny of intellect and chance.' Mr. Holcroft follows him through the events of his varied life; the sanguinary scenes of his first period; the treachery, the cunning, and the cruelty of the second; till at last, like every despot, he becomes his own scourge, the victim of his own crimes. Irascibility, suspicion, mark his conduct: his life is the seclusion, without the innocence, of the monk; his motions, the hasty apprehensive steps of one who fears in every passenger an assassin. The whole world is his enemy; he feels that he has merited its abhorrence: the dagger is hourly uplifted to strike him; and conscience whispers that its blow will not be undeserved. Great must be the charms of power, and he must have felt them all, if they can, in his view, atone for an hour of such misery. Our author gives due praise to his talents, and, having carefully examined his brilliant career, thinks that he at times sees, in the unrelenting despot, momentary flashes of candor, of justice, and of generosity. But duplicity the most entangled, suspicion always awake, irritability morbidly acute, cruelty unsated by the groans of millions, ambition which bears not a single obstacle, hypocrisy whose thickest veil obstructs the view of each emotion of the heart, are, from our author's description, the most striking features of this minion of fortune. Bred in armies, early

rising to command, with little compunction respecting the means of accomplishment, his mind was corrupted, he over-leaped every boundary, and success followed his steps. He has pursued it to its utmost limits. The paralysed sovereigns of Europe must at last see their own interests, and the extirpation of the monster will be the result.

‘To those who will not allow him any one great quality, what shall be answered? Let them look into history, and find the man under whose real or apparent command actions so numerous, and so great, have been performed, and he, the commander, a man of feeble mind, irresolute in his conduct, and inconsistent in his plans. Let them scrutinize the powers of man, and prove, if it be possible, from fact or from deduction, how it should happen in times so dreadfully contentious, that debility could obtain and preserve the rule; could conquer enemies abroad, subvert rivals in power at home, profit by foreign and intestine broils, overawe or reconcile factions, change the capricious destinies of a capricious people to that which despotism calls order, and establish a new dynasty, which, in ages of greater ignorance, would long have continued permanent and beyond controul.

‘Truth is always found between the extremes. Bonaparte is an extraordinary man, who has lived in still much more extraordinary times. The grand events of these times were many of them military; so, as it happened, was his education, and so were his propensities. Such was the fortuitous favour of circumstances that they caused him to appear a prodigy. A first campaign elevated him to the rank of hero, the second showed him a god: he seemed to command events: in reality, they commanded him; they were his creator.

‘Early habits had powerfully concurred to fit him for the future accidents under which he became placed: and this pre-disposition, and these accidents, were further aided by a mind of such ardour, and of such restless and prolific ambition, that he has been hurried through the various gradations which similar minds have travelled; and does and will only differ from them in similarity of fate as far as circumstances have varied and shall hereafter vary.

‘Sallow complexion, length of face, a pointed nose, a projecting chin, and prominent cheek bones have distinguished the countenances of fanatics and persecutors. Fanatics and persecutors were often men of powerful minds, but violent passions; and between such men and Bonaparte, allowing for times and circumstances, in physiognomy, in talents, and in manner of acting, there is great resemblance.’ Vol. ii. p. 319.

The theatre is the next subject of our author’s description; and we find an entertaining, seemingly a faithful, account of plays, operas, and their performers. The general criticisms are, perhaps, sometimes too trite; but, in a path so frequently trodden, who can expect verdure or flowers?

The literary men of France are noticed, we think, too slightly: their talents are not distinguished, their peculiar merits not fathomed. Infidelity and religion divide them; and

the philosophers, of course, are on the former side. Among these, religion can only claim Haiiy and Jussieu. Chenier, St. Lambert, Volney, Andrieux, Morellet, and Suard, are philosophers; in other words, deists—some of them atheists.

‘The intercourse I had with men of literary fame was only occasional: I therefore pretend to add but little from my own remark. Judgments lightly formed may be easily, but not honestly, given.

‘I met *Sieyès* at the table of a gentleman, who resides in different apartments of the same hotel. He appears neither to excite nor to wish to excite interest or curiosity. He is of the middle stature, his age about fifty; his dress is plain, his manners are simple, and his behaviour that of a man of understanding. He was neither reserved nor loquacious; and, if he possess all the cunning that has been attributed to him, he has that master-key of cunning, apparent frankness, such as while it conceals its own secrets will unlock the hearts of others; and of the existence of this species of cunning, so as to produce its full effect, I entertain some doubt. His behaviour, discourse, and physiognomy, spoke a man of much thought, quick but silent observation, and consequently of great foresight. Of the degree of that selfish ambition, which has spurred him to act, I am no judge; but I hope and believe it to have been apparently much greater than it was in reality: or that it has been cooled, if not killed, by time and accident.

‘I was likewise introduced to *Carnot*, to whom the same description in many respects would apply; except that I think him of rather a warmer temper, though in conversation he was more reserved; for he was held in great suspicion, by Bonaparte, as a man known to be inimical to despotism. Had I freely communicated my own principles, I have no doubt he would have freely answered me; but it would have been idle and obtrusive curiosity rather than productive of any good, and might have exposed him to listeners. He firmly maintains that, though in the directory, he was guiltless of revolutionary blood; his was a different department. I hope it is so; yet men ought not to be passive spectators of mischief; for that, in some degree, certainly makes them abettors.

‘The mind forms fanciful pictures to itself of men at a distance, famed for their power, genius, or unexpected prosperity; and I was surprised, when I saw *Révillère-Lépaux*, one of the ex-directors, to find that, like Pope, he was deformed. He bears the character of a moral and well-meaning man.

‘I several times met the *abbé Grégoire*, who has a bland and pleasing manner which may be called a melancholy cheerfulness. His melancholy it is said is increased; he was at the head of the constitutional clergy, and this superiority was crushed by the *Concordat*. Vol. ii. p. 418.

Of some other literary and scientific characters we have a short account. The prevailing passion of La Lande is said to be vanity. He is also, it is added, remarkable for *hunting and eating spiders!*

Of music, the account is also unsatisfactory; yet the mu-

sician will find, in the chapter dedicated to this science, some hints which will be interesting. They are so slight, however, that a touch to remove them from their place may destroy their value. The account of pictures and statues is, moreover, little more than a mere catalogue. Mr. Holcroft speaks with becoming indignation of the conduct of the French in their plunder of Holland and Italy.—The following passage contains an admirable sentiment of Mr. Flaxman, equally just and ingenious :

‘ How numerous are the recollections to which both these national museums give birth ! I have mentioned the deep regret of Canova, that Rome had been robbed of those monuments of genius from which she had derived splendor so great in her decline. Another sculptor, an Englishman, whose name is dear to the arts, Flaxman, speaking on this subject, declared the Laocoon, the Torso, the Apollo Belvedere, and all the statues taken from the Capitol and the Vatican, seemed to have lost half their magic : they were no longer in their place ; no longer in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the tombs of the Scipios, and of the proud republicans, that held the world in awe. In the Capitol and the Vatican, they had a grandeur that, in Paris, had utterly disappeared.’ Vol. ii. p. 456.

The four subsequent chapters are miscellaneous. That which follows is a description of the environs of Paris, in a series of little tours undertaken with a deceased artist. We wish that, with the numerous embellishments, some of these views had been added. This subject leads us to speak of the decorations of the work ; but here commendation must draw in the reins. Ample as the plates are in size, specious as is their appearance—meriting, according to the author, greater applause than he has power to give—impartial criticism cannot but detect errors, and find much cause for dissatisfaction. They consist of two general views of Paris ; one of the palace of the Luxembourg ; two in the Champs Elysées ; and seven of the palace and gardens of the Tuilleries, with the Louvre. These plates, the author tells us, are all, except one, engraved from drawings made at Paris, under his own direction, by a French artist : but the name of this artist is concealed from us. If, however, Mr. Holcroft’s opinion on this part of his publication be correct, it is hardly consistent with his usual candour to deprive the author of his share of fame, or the public of the pleasure which is always felt from knowing the individual who is intitled to the praise of genius. From the striking resemblance that many of these views have to similar ones published in the *Cabinet du Roy*, taken from the same stations, we should have considered them as copies, with trifling alterations to keep pace with revolutionary changes, if the preface had not distinctly informed us of the contrary : this, however, is in favour of their resemblance to the places they represent, which is sufficiently accurate for the general observer.

The engraving of these views wholly devolved on the publisher, and comes before us with a more unequivocal and decided character. Hitherto we have only been accustomed to see the dotting, commonly called chalk-engraving, manufactured, in order that it may be printed in colours to arrest the attention on Ludgate-hill or in Cheapside. Great pains have, indeed, been taken to corrupt the art of engraving, and make it wholly subservient to commercial purposes; yet we have not seen any publication which presumes so much on the retrograde taste of the country as that now before us. Captain Cook's last voyage evinced what talent we possessed in the art of engraving, and, when well directed, what could be produced. We are aware of the impropriety of a comparison; but when the combined talents of the nation could be afforded to the public in a work that will ever be a national honour, for a price so comparatively inferior to that charged for the work before us, we cannot help being forcibly struck with the contrast, through all the circumstances in which a parallel might be drawn.

These prints appear without any responsibility of the persons who were engaged, with exceptions not worth particularising; and both figures and landscape equally mark the same feebleness of talent, which at once unequivocally show that no artist of ability, or acknowledged reputation, could have been employed. We learn, however, in the true spirit of manufacture, that the publisher procured an architect-engraver to execute all the skies with a machine. These, from their mechanical excellence, deserve so much more commendation than any other part of the work, that we may, with propriety, regret that the trees, the figures, and the ground, were not worked in the same loom. The vignettes to the letter-press are appropriate; and if the large prints had been as well executed as these smaller, this decorative part of the work would have deserved more praise than censure.

On the whole, we have been greatly entertained with these volumes. The descriptions are equally characteristic of the country, the inhabitants, and—of the author. In general they are too long: there is much repetition, and occasionally some inanity. The quotations, also, are too numerous and extensive: yet, with every deduction, the work is pleasing and interesting. We are carried to the scene, and, with the talisman of the dramatist, we witness the pains and pleasures, the delight and disgust, the enthusiasm and discontent, of the author—

‘*Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*’

ART. V.—*Observations made at Paris during the Peace; and Remarks in a Tour from London to Paris through Picardy, and to England by the Route of Normandy; containing a full Description of every Object of Curiosity in the French Metropolis and its Environs; a critical Review of the Theatres, Actors, &c. and every interesting Particular that may serve as a useful Companion to the Stranger, and amuse the Mind of the Curious and Scientific. By Edmund John Eyre. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Boards. Robinsons. 1803.*

AN imitation of the often-imitated manner of Sterne pervades this whole book, and gives an air of affectation and unseasonable sentimentality to observations, which, if recorded with simplicity, would have had real value. The author's route was through Calais to Paris, and back by Rouen and Dieppe. He preserves an arrangement severely chronological in his account; and describes the curiosities of Paris, not in the order of their contiguity or eminence, but in the order in which he happened to visit them. Having just accompanied Mr. Holcroft throughout the same track, we cannot be very particular in our analysis of this convenient and lively manual. We shall extract a description of the Hospital of Invalids, which is very characteristic of our author's manner.

‘There is surely no establishment more honourable to humanity than that which offers an asylum to the maimed or aged soldier, become infirm in the service of his country. This noble charitable structure was planned by Henry IV. and erected by the truly loyal magnificence of Louis XIV. This immense hospital, placed with a northern aspect, in the midst of an extended plain, breathes the salubrious air of the adjacent country, and is well calculated, from its happy position, to preserve the health of its valiant tenants. Five courts divide the building. Two rows of arcades compose the centre quadrangle, and the clock of equation, made by the noted Lepautre, is an object of great curiosity, as well as universal admiration. The exterior of the dome, three hundred feet in height, is surrounded by forty pillars of the composite order, and still retains, in spite of the destroying hammers of the Vandals of 1793, the noble remains of its elegant and majestic attitude. The external part, however, of this edifice I was told, offers, at present, only the shadow of its former greatness.

‘At the entrance are placed the bronze statues which were formerly couched at the feet of Louis XIV. in la Place Victoire. There are four refectories hung round with pictures, descriptive of the conquests of Louis XIV. The kitchens, which are extensive and clean, are remarkable for their immense cauldrons and numerous spits, which since the revolution are common both to the officers and privates, and no distinction is now made in the quantity and quality of their allowance of food. The speedy and exact distribution of the

plates and dishes, and the serving of the wine in leaden pint measures are done with a rapidity which excites astonishment. Each table is composed of twelve, and is furnished with soup, boiled beef, a plate of vegetables, and half a pint of unadulterated wine to each man.

'The church is naked and ransacked of its religious symbols. The altar, on which was [*were*] erected six gilt columns of dazzling splendor, is buried under the dust of demolition. "We shall never more," observes M. Mercier, "see venerable soldiers, whitened under arms, worshipping God with fervor, and mingling in their pious songs the name of the founder of this asylum."

'The temple of Mars (formerly the church), is strikingly superb; in it are suspended the military trophies which France has gained from her enemies for a succession of years, amongst which are 1800 standards taken from the combined armies in the course of the late war. Many of these ensigns, pierced with numerous shots, present marks of well-contested victory; and it is with the genuine feelings of British pride, that I inform my countrymen, that only two flags of our kingdom are suspended in this hall of triumph. Vain of their possession, the French have hung them up in the most conspicuous part of the saloon.

'The pavement under the dome is extremely beautiful, as it is formed of tessellated marble, exquisitely finished. From the top of the cupola, there is an extensive view of Paris and the country. At the upper end of the temple, there is an allegoric painting, expressive of the birth of Freedom, and the death of Tyranny. The painter has exemplified the subject, by the representation of a naked man, trampling upon Royalty, who has the crown and sceptre broken, and the fragments scattered on the ground; whilst the monarch, vomiting forth blood, is writhing in the convulsive agonies of death.

'The remains of marshall Turenne, which formerly reposed in the abbey of St. Dennis, now lie entombed in this saloon.

'The library, which is not large, was the gift of Bonaparte. In general, a pleasing hilarity reigns in the countenance of the mutilated soldiers, indicative of content; and from the decency of their appearance, the republic is not inattentive to their comforts. Under the arcades, may be seen some veteran soldier leaning on his crutch, describing to some attentive listener, the dangers he has experienced in many a hard campaign, and warmed by the recollection of his youthful feats, hop on his wooden leg,

"Brandish his crutch, and shew how fields were won."

Many of the wounded and disabled soldiers were very pitiable objects; more particularly those who had served in Egypt, most of whom were fine young men, and many amongst them totally blind.

'What heart can meet with these men covered with honorable wounds, without being affected at the sight, and shrinking back with horror from those hideous traces of the cruelties of war!

'As I was returning through the court, I perceived a soldier, a fine young man, seated on a bench under one of the arcades, with a green bandage over his eyes, and a young girl of a prepossessing countenance reading by his side to amuse him. "Thank you, my dear Nannette," I heard him say; "your kindness is some recompence for the loss of my eyes." This is a scene of interest, I whis-

pered to my friend, and I will learn the story of the poor blind soldier.

‘Approaching the object of my inquiry, I accosted him with the Englishman’s usual salutation of, “Good day”—Ay, ’tis a lovely one, my Nannette informs me, but I shall never (sighing from the bottom of his heart) behold the glorious sun again, for I am wholly blind.”—“But you can feel its cheering warmth, my honest fellow:” “Yes,” replied he, “as any one would the benevolence of a concealed benefactor, it warms the heart, though it may not glad the eyes.” “What deprived you of your sight?” “The sandy deserts of Egypt; but the story can have no interest for an Englishman.” “You mistake our character, friend, an English heart can feel for human woe, and pity the sorrows of a fellow creature. Humanity, like the luminary above our heads, is not confined to one particular meridian, but travels over the globe, and too often, like the sun when shining on a barren rock, is repaid by cold ingratitude.” “The gentleman is certainly in the right,” observed his female companion, lifting up her black expressive eyes, which till then had been cast upon the ground. She appeared about twenty years of age, a beautiful, fine-shaped brunette, whose features indicated vivacity, constancy, and fidelity. “Satisfy the stranger, my dear Jacques, I dare say he will lend an ear to your story.” “I will, my sweet Nannette, I will.” He took her hand in his, raised it to his lips, and kissed it most affectionately. After hemming two or three times to clear his voice, he began, but soon stopped with an excuse, that he was a sorry spokesman. “I could fight, you know, Nannette, but I could never tell a story. However, I’ll do my best;” he made another *hem*, and resumed his narration. The girl closed the book she had been reading, after doubling down the page, laid it on her lap, drew closer to her lover, and stedfastly looking in his face, appeared like Desdemona,

“To devour up his discourse.”

“I was the only one,” continued he, “that escaped with life, the dreadful resistance made to preserve the invincible standard. My brave companions fell covered with wounds, around me. I fought with the fury of a soldier resolved to conquer or to die. I remained for some time alone, provoking by my threats the English troops, by whom I was surrounded, but they were too generous to attack a single man, and left me. Our standard was carried off in triumph. The sight made me mad! I will never be the messenger of such disgraceful news. No, exclaimed I, a life of dishonour, does not become a soldier, and at that instant, I raised the bayonet to my breast, when the blow was prevented by a British officer—‘Hold,’ said he, (seizing my arm, and forcing the weapon from my hand) ‘none but cowards slay themselves. Your country may demand your service. You may have a father, mother, or some fond girl,’ and here he gave a sigh, ‘to mourn your death. The brave are always’—scarce had he uttered the last word, when a musket ball struck him, he spoke no more, he fell by my side. I saw him stretched on the earth, mangled and disfigured. He was an enemy ’tis true, but he was a soldier, and I wept over him. I could not help it. They were the tears of pity, and damme, they would not have disgraced a general.

As I gazed upon his lifeless face, the last sentence of his manly voice sounded in my ears—'You may have some fond girl to mourn your death.' At that moment I thought of you, Nannette. I took this locket of your hair, which I have ever worn next my heart, looked upon it, and wept like a child."

'At the conclusion of this speech, the tender girl, overcome by her feelings, sunk upon his breast, and sobbed. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the tears that ran in torrents down her cheeks, pressed her closer to his bosom, imprinted Cupid's seal upon her lips, and remained for some time silent.

"Well, sir, I was taken prisoner, but shortly after got my liberty upon exchange. For three months after that, I never knew the comforts of one night's rest, never during that long time had my cloaths from off my back. Marched in the scorching heat of the day, and watched during the chilling dews of the night. These hardships, however, were common to us all, and no one murmured. At last I lost my sight, the greatest calamity that could have happened, and the only one, I think, that could make a soldier despair. I then sat musing all the day. Sometimes the distant beat of the drum, would knock at my heart, and raise my courage; I would then start up in haste, forgetful of my helpless state, march along the room, till something in my way would force me to feel that I was blind. My wakeful nights were spent in sighs, for I thought my Nannette, to whom I had been contracted before I went abroad, would scarcely love a poor blind soldier."

"Ah, Jacques," said the affectionate girl, pressing his hand to a bosom, that throbbed with fidelity and love, "that part of your story hurts me more than all the rest. 'Tis true, I prayed that you might return home not wounded, and unhurt. He had beautiful eyes to be sure (turning herself round to me), as black as sloes—no, they are the fruit of the black thorn, and I will not compare them so—they were as black as jet, and sparkled with good nature. But I loved him for his heart, and that he has brought back as honest and as sound as ever. I can weave hair nets, knit purses, mend stockings, and make lace, which, with the allowance of this house, will make us very, very happy."

"The poor fellow raised his hands to heaven, and in a low tone of thankful gratitude, exclaimed, "God bless you!"

'At the end of his narrative, I put a trifle into his hands, which, however, he returned with modest but becoming pride. "No, sir, (observed he, with the warmth of a generous mind) I should wrong my country by the acceptance of your gift. It forbids her warriors to become beggars, and live upon the bounty of strangers. Except my sight, to witness the lovely smiles of my Nannette, I have every thing here I can desire, the wife of my heart, and the reward of my country!"

'It was once proposed in the convention, that every centinel should present arms whenever a maimed soldier passed, but the motion was negatived. I wish that in England some marked distinction was paid to those soldiers who have left an arm, or a leg, on the fields of victory, and to all maimed sailors. By heavens! I would with patriot gratitude bow with respectful homage to such valiant

sufferers, for no title can be more honourable than that of the defenders of our envied country !' p. 215.

The catalogue of curiosities is rather insufficiently detailed : the grander objects of attention are indeed set down ; but one desires to hear more concerning the gallery of the Louvre than that it contains principal works of the first masters. It might not be worth while to translate wholly the well-made catalogue sold at the door ; but if the larger works of the more celebrated masters had been enumerated, the reader would more easily have formed some notion of its bewildering magnitude, some idea of the greatest collection of paintings in the world. Superior to the glory of honouring the arts and of assembling their master-pieces, is that of excelling in the arts and producing master-pieces. Be this the nobler effort of British emulation ! A great demand for the productions of the fine arts is the most essential condition of diffusive application to them. Genius is nothing more than excellence. It is with the fine as with the vulgar arts—in proportion to the number of persons who labour at them, and who compare their experience, will be the number of the few who make an æra in the profession. It is with artists as with authors—a hundred persons must be induced to attempt writing a pamphlet, or a novel, in order to obtain the one in the hundred who is to be a distinguished writer. Create and perpetuate a critical, a great and permanent demand for works of the pen or the pencil, the rest follows of course. He who purchases one achievement of contemporary art, has done more for the foundation of a national school at home, than the collector of costly far-fetched models. The Greek sculptors, the Italian painters, had no models but Nature herself, who surrounded them. An immense source of demand, both to the Greeks and to the Italian artists, was an idolatrous religion : every temple, every church, piqued itself on possessing at least one good work of art. Let our cathedrals become ostentatiously hospitable to painting : let our church-wardens become competitors for the honour of introducing fine altar-pieces ; and art will here soar to its ancient glory. The profusion of models is unfavourable to the observation of nature : the French painters, instead of human figures, are too apt to delineate and colour the antique statues of their gallery : but the antique itself is corrigible by nature.

ART. VI.—*An Excursion in France, and other parts of the Continent of Europe; from the Cessation of Hostilities in 1801, to the 13th of December 1803. Including a Narrative of the unprecedented Detention of the English Travellers in that Country, as Prisoners of War. By Charles Maclean, M. D. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Rees. 1804.*

DR. Maclean was one of those unfortunate travellers whom the French government thought fit to detain as prisoners of war at the commencement of the present hostilities. This unprecedented inhospitality was rendered doubly perfidious by the assurances published in the government newspapers of France, that those English who did not withdraw with lord Whitworth, should continue to receive that liberal treatment which even war formerly did not interrupt. Of such baseness no other punishment is now practicable, than to mention and re-mention it in our books of travels, in our histories, in our treatises of public morality and international law, in the debates of parliament, and in the congress for European pacification. The French have endeavoured to extend the misfortunes of war to classes hitherto exempt—to the wandering invalid, to the travelling merchant, to the inquisitive philosopher, to the polished dilettante—to all their confiding guests. Let them, if they will, extort fresh sighs from pain; hamper with fetters the active limbs of industry; debar science from carrying to its hive the rich spoil of exotic flowers; cloy taste itself, by tying it to beauty; and teach the world to mistrust even their services: be it ours never to imitate these barbarians: the power so exerted can be no object of envy. But surely it is the duty of British ministers to alleviate, if they can, this diffusive suffering: and, without inquiring about the abstract right of detention, which cannot be definitively settled before the treaty of peace, to offer Frenchmen in exchange for the English victims of this national imprisonment. The redemption of captives from the tyrannical pirates of Algiers is no recognition of the justice of their seizure.

Our author's account of this proceeding is worth notice.

' In May 1803, the negotiations between the two countries were brought to a close, and the British ambassador, lord Whitworth, left Paris. All British subjects ought, perhaps, in prudence to have departed at the same time. But some were detained by business, and some by pleasure; and none of them probably dreamt of meeting afterwards with any impediment to their departure.

' For weeks before lord Whitworth left Paris, all the journals were daily exclaiming: "Why do the English quit France? What are they afraid of? Can they not trust themselves to the loyalty of the French government, although their ambassador is going away?" This

doctrine was preached with such zeal by the journals, all notoriously at the disposition of the government, that it ought of itself to have created an alarm; but I am sorry and ashamed to confess that, notwithstanding my thorough conviction of the habitual treachery of the parties, I allowed myself, like many others, to be most completely deceived. Fortunately, however, a great many of the English had gone away: and the first consul found himself so disappointed in the numbers that remained, that I question much whether, if he had known it, he would have incurred the odium of their detention.

'Be that as it may, on the 22d of May, ten days after the departure of lord Whitworth from Paris, appeared the following decree:

"All the English enrolled in the militia between the age of eighteen and sixty, or who hold commissions from his Britannic majesty, now in France, shall be immediately constituted prisoners of war, to answer for the citizens of the republic, who may have been detained, or made prisoners, by the vessels or subjects of his Britannic majesty before the declaration of war.

"*Paris, 2d Prairial, year xi. 22d May 1803.*"

'This decree nominally only comprehended persons holding commissions in the army and navy, or capable of being enrolled in the militia; *i. e.* males from eighteen to sixty years of age; for this was the colouring which the French government wished might be given to it in other countries. But in reality it was extended to persons of all descriptions, old and young, male and female.

'It was at first pretended that women and children were exempted from the measure. Against this I can only state the evidence of facts. Lady Elgin, upon applying for a passport, was refused, and afterwards many other ladies. I have myself seen boys of ten and twelve years of age sent from one public office to another, and refused passports, because they had not *written* certificates of their ages. It was the first instance I ever saw of ocular demonstration being thought insufficient to prove that an infant is not a boy, or that a boy is not a man. Had the exemption even been general and effective, it could have been of little or no use; for wives would not have chosen to leave their husbands, nor parents to part with their children.

'The prisoners in general were sent to Fontainebleau, Valenciennes, Meun, Nismes, Verdun, Chalons, and other places. They were allowed a certain range to walk in, upon giving their parole not to go away. In this situation, those who had the means of subsistence were not ill off. But, by being removed from Paris, and the other places of their usual residence, to the general depots, those, who had to derive their means of subsistence from labour, were reduced to the utmost distress, and left to starve, some of them with numerous families of children.' p. 110.

'The execution of this execrable decree was conducted in the most loose and inconsiderate manner. Those were sent to one depot, who ought to have been sent to another, as having friends or acquaintances in the latter; those were sent away from their places of residence, who, had there been any rational system, would have been allowed to remain, and those were allowed to remain who would have been sent away. Every thing depended upon chance, whim, and ca-

price. There was a total absence of that polite consideration, which used to distinguish the French people, even while they were committing acts of injustice. Lord Elgin was treated with marked incivility; and a degree of harshness, unprecedented excepting in the reign of terror, pervaded the whole proceedings. In remote parts, where the constituted authorities think they cannot act too vigorously in the spirit of their superiors, there was still more severity and less consideration. I cannot help observing, that while general Junot was amusing himself, keeping Englishmen of distinction dancing attendance upon him, from day to day, and from week to week, I have seen him receive common soldiers with affability, and hasten, not simply to comply with, but even to anticipate, their wishes. This *may* be policy, but it certainly is *not* manners.

‘ I never met with even a Frenchman, who attempted to justify this decree of Bonaparte upon any other grounds than that of retaliation. It is in violence and indecency, in my opinion, second to none, excepting that of Robespierre for giving no quarter to the English. With sorrow and abhorrence I read, on the continent, that some persons on this side the water had gravely debated the question: “Whether quarter should not be refused to the French in the event of their invading this country!” There are some questions that do not, in my opinion, admit of a debate; and this is certainly one of them. What! Is there a man existing, of a truly English mind, who can think that, in order to repel all the power of France, or even all the power of Europe, it can be anywise necessary for us to resort to such unusual, barbarous and disgraceful means of warfare? All such propositions, in my opinion, indicate a poorness of spirit, and a want of just confidence in our strength.’ p. 116.

‘ By a late order, all the persons so constituted prisoners, who remain in France, have been transferred to Verdun and Chalons, some say into the citadels of these places. They were obliged to maintain, and to pay half a crown a day to each of the dragoons who accompanied them on the journey. Even clerks in counting houses have not been spared.’ p. 121.

A list follows of such names as Dr. Maclean could collect. He himself obtained leave to depart, by presenting a memorial on the plague, and requesting leave to embark for North America, in order to continue there his researches about contagion. Dr. Maclean went from Paris to Bordeaux, and thence took shipping. He well observes, that if the metropolis of France had been fixed at Bordeaux, that country would have rivalled us probably in commerce, wealth, liberty, and colonial dominion; but that having the misfortune of an inland metropolis, the teachers of manners in France are not the industrious and moral classes, which cannot abound where there is no navigable access; but the idle and the needy, whose accomplishments are always sullied by a profligacy of tone, ruinous to public virtue and to the stability of sound laws. Surely the new emperor would do well to transfer his residence from Versailles to Am-

bez: Paris and its neighbourhood will always be dangerous to the French sovereign, by its profligacy and its party-spirit, the result of excessive leisure. Like the Constantinople of the Greek empire, it will continually be agitated by the factions of the instand. Its iconoclasts have broken the images of the Bourbons; they will one day discrown and break the busts of the Bonapartes. Philosophy and popery are still rival sects, by no means disposed to mutual forgiveness. The senate tends to become an independent body, a nucleus of far-reaching and hereditary hostility: it will probably invert the historical phenomena of Rome, and contrive perpetually to usurp power from the army; changing its emperors like prime ministers, and resuming dynasties with as little ceremony as church-leases for three lives.

Bordeaux has seldom been described; we shall avail ourselves of a part of the satisfactory account offered by Dr. Maclean: the whole is too long for insertion.

‘Bordeaux is, in population, the second, and in commercial importance, the first, city of France. It contains upwards of 112,000 inhabitants; and is, for an ancient city, built with considerable regularity and taste. It resembles Glasgow in Scotland more than any other city of Great Britain. There are in some few places flag stones, which are not commonly to be met with in the towns of France. The streets are, however, in general very narrow.

‘Bordeaux, on the side next the river, resembles a crescent. It is divided into two parts, the old town or eastern end, and the new town or *Chartrons*. They are divided as it were by an ancient fort called *Chateau-trompette*. This fort is so useless for any purpose of defence against an enemy, that it has long been in agitation to pull it down, in order to beautify the town. This might be the more easily effected as the price of the materials would more than pay the expence of demolition. From the delay, therefore, I conclude that some reasons of state are operating with the consular government in favour of this worthless building, which is a great nuisance to the centre of the city.

‘Bordeaux is celebrated throughout the world for its famous wines: it is celebrated as the chief place of a department, which, during the revolution, sent many distinguished deputies to the convention; and as the country of the illustrious Montesquieu. It has infinitely more of the spirit of freedom and independence than Paris, which may be attributed in a considerable degree to the benignant genius of commerce, here so powerful in its operation.

‘In this city, beside the native inhabitants, are a great many foreign merchants, of all nations; but principally English, Germans, and Americans. They reside for the most part at the *Chartrons*, which is the quarter most commodious for business, as well as the most pleasant to inhabit from better air, superior views, and more modern architecture. Here almost all the consuls of foreign nations reside.

' In front of the *Chartrons* lay the shipping, at least all the vessels that are loading or unloading, at Bordeaux. Here the flags of almost all nations were to be seen flying, excepting those of England and France. I say France, because the vessels belonging to that nation were for the most part dismantled; and if a three-coloured flag was here and there hoisted, it was scarcely distinguishable in the crowd. The trade of Bordeaux with foreign countries is at present carried on principally by means of Hanseatic, Danish, Swedish, Prussian, and American vessels. But the flag of this latter nation predominates. In December there were, I am persuaded, not less than from thirty to forty American vessels in the river. Their speculations in coffee, sugar, and other colonial articles, were at first attended with considerable profits; but this attracted so many adventurers, that the markets were at length glutted, and the vessels last arriving, it was expected, would incur heavy losses. Commerce, as it is carried on by the Americans, appears to me in many respects more like a lottery than as it is carried on in England. With us it is a regular business, in which men divide their risks upon given principles, so that they have a certainty of making a profit upon the whole. An American will more readily stake every thing on one venture; and it would not seem to be of so much consequence to him, whether in the issue he becomes a man of fortune or is ruined.

' The *Chartrons* is about three quarters of a mile in length, presenting a regular front of well-built houses. The end next the *Chateau-trompette*, proceeding in a straight line, is distant about a quarter of a mile from the exchange. This street possesses the advantage, uncommon in the cities of France, of an excellent *trottoir*, or flag-stone pavement, at one side. On the other side are the wharfs. The filling of casks with wine, brandy, olives, &c. rolling them to and from the wharfs, heading them; the nailing of boxes full of prunes, raisins and other fruits, together with the constant noise of people labouring in various vocations, fill the mind with pleasant ideas of active industry and useful commerce. In many an irksome walk which I took along the *Chartrons*, during my detention at Bordeaux, the languages which were spoken on all sides, made me sometimes doubtful whether I was not in Hamburg or in London, rather than in a town of France.' p. 185.

The expediency of instituting fairs is a strong proof of the retrogradation of commerce throughout France. Wherever the habitual demand for articles is insufficient to recompense a storekeeper, he naturally desists from exposing them for sale. In this case it may sometimes answer, to metropolitan or distant shopkeepers, to come annually, or oftener, with an assortment of such articles as are too little wanted to be always vendible. In villages such fairs are necessary; the demand of the place is insufficient to maintain a glass and china shop, a hard-ware and cutlery shop, &c.: these things, therefore, are brought once or twice a year from the larger towns. But that large towns should want fairs; that the purchase of the wine, corn, oil, and

butter of the village, should not have gotten into a regular train, but be annually to be bought by the merchant, is surely symptomatic of narrow capitals and timid routine, and defective competition among the wholesale buyers. The trading interest of France is half a century behindhand in all its forms of intercourse.

Dr. Maclean's excursion contains less topography than is usual in books of travels; but it includes many political observations not elsewhere recorded, which render it valuable. There is much egotism in the volume. The doctor's personal and professional affairs occupy excessive space.

ART. VII.—*Sketch of the early History of the Cymry, or Ancient Britons, from the Year 700, before Christ, to A. D. 500. By the Rev. P. Roberts, A. M. &c. 8vo. 5s. Boards. Williams. 1803.*

THE controversies of the Welsh antiquaries too much resemble those of popish theologians: they appeal to documents not extant in the vulgar tongue; and they state their inferences with a positive boldness which provokes a disposition to doubt, while it withholds the means of refutation.

The first remarkable document produced by Mr. Roberts, is a passage of Taliesin, relative to the original colonisation of this island. Could the first colonists write? Did they bequeath records which endured to the age of Taliesin? Is his account of the information contained in them pure, or embellished? Are the words of Taliesin, or those of the transcribers, of the repeaters of his poems, remaining? Or have poems been forged in his name, as in that of Merlin, during the twelfth century?

* According to these the colony of the Cymry or Britons, which first took possession of this island, came originally from Asia. In a poem of Taliesin, which is called *The Appeasing of Lludd*, the following very singular passage occurs.

‘ Llwylth lliaws, anuaws ei henwerys,
Dygorescynan Prydain, prif fan ynya,
Gwyr gwlad yr Asia, a gwlad Gafis;
Pobl pwyllad enwir, eu tir ni wys,
Famen gorwyreis herwydd Maris;
Amlaes ei peisiau, pwy ei hefelys?
A phwyllad dyfyner, ober efnis
Europa.

* A numerous race, fierce they are said to have been,
Were thy original colonists, Britain, first of isles,
Natives of a country in Asia, and the country of Gafis;
Said to have been a skilful people, but the district is unknown

Which was mother to these children, warlike adventurers on the
sea,

Clad in their long dress, who could equal them?

Their skill is celebrated, they were the dread

Of Europe.

'In these few lines the poet has given the peculiarities of national character and dress, and the origin of the nation, as far as he was able to trace it. The character of the nation, as warlike adventurers on the sea, in the spirit of the times, however opinion as to the mode, may since have varied, every Briton will with pleasure find to have been considered by the poet as marking a naval superiority inherited by Britain; and it is that of the present times, that it never was more justly or more gloriously asserted.

'As to the particular part of Asia, from which the first colony came to Britain, the poet candidly acknowledges that he is not able to point it out exactly; though he endeavours to do so in some degree by the name *Gafis*.' p. 19.

There is no Asiatic city of the name: perhaps Gades or Cadiz, whence the Silures may have come, is intended.

Mr. Roberts proceeds to prove that the Asiatic origin of the Cimmerians is conformable to the testimony of Scripture and of Herodotus. Curious passages from the *Triads* are then brought out.

'Thus far the testimony of the Greek geographer is express as to the route of the Cimmerians, and from hence the *Triads* complete it to their ultimate stations in Britain and *Armórica*. "The original Cymry" says the *Triad* "came from *Deffrobani*, over the *Hazy Sea*, to the Isle of Britain, and to *Armorica*, where they have remained." *Triad* 4.

'The haze of the German Ocean (the sea here intended) is, I understand, well known to mariners; and as the Cymry crossed this ocean it confirms the position that the Cymry, *Cimbri*, and Cimmerians were originally one and the same people. Upon their landing in Britain they found the island uninhabited, and took a formal possession of it as of original occupation and right; a claim which the *Triads* carefully inculcate by frequent repetition of this title as peculiar to the nation. The description given of the island at that time is, that it was full of bears, wolves, and of two other species of animals denominated by the *Triad*, *efainc* and *ychain banog*. Of these the former is in use to signify beavers. All that can be relied upon as to the signification, is that they were amphibious animals. The meaning of the latter is lost. Literally translated it would be *the oxen with high prominence*, probably some species of the buffalo. The island itself is said to have had three names. The first *Y Fel Ynys*, or the Honey Island: then *Clas Meiddin* or *Meityn*, *the rocky or water-guarded Island*; which was the name when the first colony settled on it, under *Hu the Mighty*: the third and last name, which it has since retained, is that of *Prydain*, or Britain, having been so called in honour of the chief of that name, who is celebrated for having given the settlement a regular form.

* Of the chief who first colonised the island, the Triads have been very particular in their description, and the high sense of his virtues, and his fortitude, appears to have deified him in succeeding ages; an honour suitable to the ideas of heathenism, and as such, the highest testimony of his people's veneration for his memory. To such ideas we must refer if we wish to estimate a character according to its merits; and if in the present instance we do so, it will aid our own conception of what his must have been.

* Hu the Mighty appears to have been endowed with uncommon qualifications for the arduous task of conducting a colony to the utmost region of the then known world, where many ages afterwards the Romans considered them as

* Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

Fortitude and wisdom must form the basis of the character, which at once secures obedience, commands esteem, and attaches affection to itself. It must be adorned with some of the graces of the exterior, a prompt eloquence, and above all that fascinating power, which, arising from a liberal heart and comprehensive mind, sways the passions to its will, and gives to compliance the sensations of spontaneous approbation. Few and imperfect as are the outlines of the character of the Cimbric chief, preserved in the Triads, it is not too much to say that, as in the celebrated fragment of Grecian sculpture, so in these more ancient fragments, there remains enough to enable the mind to conceive the excellence of the whole.

* Hu the mighty is celebrated as "having made poetry the vehicle of memory and record;" Triad 92.

"As having instructed the Cimbri in agriculture, before their emigration;" Triad 56.

* And "as having led them to, and settled them in Britain." Triads 4 and 5. p. 36.

That this Hu and his followers brought with them much oriental learning, tradition, or superstition, is supported by the following citations.

"The ship of Nefydd, Naf, Neifion (*lord supreme of the waters*) carried in it a male and female of every animal, when the Lake Llion broke out." This ship is said to have been one of the three boasted works of Britain. Triad 97. The second is, that "the ychain banog of Hu the Mighty drew the afanc out of Lake Llion, so that it burst out no more." The reference to the real fact is here indubitable, and the latter, that is the third great work, connected with them, is also in concurrence with the tradition of the Hindus, and of Josephus, viz. "The stone of Ganhebon, on which were written *all the arts and sciences of the world*." One of the fourteen precious things, which Vishnou preserved out of the deluge, was *the book of the Veds*; that is, the principles of Hindu learning; and Josephus says, that the science of the antediluvian world, and that of astronomy in particular, was *written* on pillars, in order to preserve it. The singular conformity of the three traditions, in such distant parts of the earth, must certainly have been derived from one common tradition. Most

assuredly from no other source ; and it may without hesitation be inferred, that the nations, who have preserved it, were of the first emigrations after the flood.

‘ The traditions and science of the first settlers, were attended also by no inconsiderable progress in the cultivation of poetry, which is thus recorded.

“ The three of Cimbric race who invented verse and memorial, were Gwyddon Ganhebon, the author of the first poem that ever was composed : Hu the Mighty, who first made verse the vehicle of history ; and Tydain, the father of inspiration, who reduced verse to settled laws, and record to settled forms ; and from what they had done originated bards and bardism ; and the distinction of bards by right and institute, of the chief bards Plennydd, Alawn, and Gwron.” Triad 92.

‘ From this Triad it appears that Gwyddon Ganhebon, whose record of arts and sciences was written on a stone, as mentioned above, was prior to the chief who led the Cymry from the confines of Asia to Britain, which confirms the reference of such a record to an Asiatic tradition. It is also observable that none of the three is said to have been of the Isle of Britain, as is usual in the other Triads ; but to have been of the *Cimbric race*, a material distinction that gives weight to the tradition. The progress of poetry is also satisfactorily stated. First simple versification, then the application of verse to history, at a time when the various and important events of such a migration called for its aid, and naturally inspired the poet to record them for future ages ; as in the song of Moses after passing the Red Sea ; and lastly, in the leisure of peace, and the prosperity of the new possessions, to institute a regular order of bards to entertain, to instruct, and improve successive generations.

‘ In Triad 58. The three chief bards are said to be referred to the time of Dyfnwal Moelmud by some, and by others to that of Prydain ab Aedd. One of these, Alawn, was probably the Alanus of Nennius, that is the Alanus father of Hu the Mighty. Their instructor, Tydain, must therefore have taught them previous to their arrival in this country. If a conjecture from the name be admissible, it will lead to the conclusion that Tyd (*ain* being merely a termination of proper names) was the same with Theuth or Theutates, and the Egyptian Thoth. It must not however be dissembled that the tomb of a Tedel or Tedei Tadawen, is pointed out in the Triads of the tombs of the warriors of Britain ; but this cannot be the same with Tydain.

‘ In these traditions we find vestiges of the earliest traditions similar to those of the most celebrated nations of antiquity ; few in number, it is true ; but so strikingly characteristic of a common origin, as to leave no reasonable doubt of the fact ; as they retain at the same time those peculiarities, which distinguish the traditions of one nation from those of another. Their conformity with those of the Hindus is so singular as to deserve particular attention. This could not be the effect of invention or imposture. As this is of importance, it is the more so by its being confirmed by other circumstances. The custom of holding a cow's tail when dying is known to be a sacred ceremony of the Hindus. That such a custom once prevail-

ed among the Cymry appears from the following proverb, still retained by them, and applied to cases of distress or danger.

‘Y sawl a biau yr henfon
Ymaflled yn ei chynffon.

‘Let him who has a cow, take fast hold of her tail.

‘Pawb wrth gynffon ei henfon.

‘Let each betake himself to the tail of his cow.’ p. 44.

This will be sufficient to give our readers an idea of the sort of recondite information which is to be found in the Welsh manuscripts. How this strange gibberish, worthy of Sancho-niatho the cosmogonist, is to be reduced to credible historic information, we yet know not. It may throw some light on the nature of the absurdities originally inculcated by the Druids, and retained until the middle ages in Wales; but surely it can have no claim to rank above the legendary lore of the Edda or the Zend-avesta.

How much more usefully, to the cause of sound information would these antiquaries be employed, if they would give us accurate, close, verbal, entire translations of the historians, poets, romancers, and prophets, whose works are contained in the manuscripts of Wales. Tysilio is peculiarly desirable. Let us by all means have, in notes, the personal opinions of the translator: but these opinions, given without the documents, can neither bestow satisfactory instruction, nor receive elucidatory criticism.

In the Appendix is contained a translation from Taliesin, which our author thus introduces and comments:

‘The poem here quoted appears to have been written soon after that the Romans finally departed from Britain. It is ascribed to Taliesin, and yet if the antiquity were to be determined from the general purport it would necessarily be referred to an earlier period. The remainder of the last line quoted I do not understand, the words are *Arafn Arafanis*. The rest of the poem is, as nearly as I can translate it, as follows.

“Roving as exiles, though driven abroad, undismayed were they, ere yet Lhudd the learned, sovereign of the White Island, was reconciled to Lefelis, in order to oppose the Roman chief.

“Pale with terror, strengthless, speechless would he be who should see the oppression I have seen, or attempt to describe the shout to battle against the Romans when they were spreading devastation with fire and sword. The Son of God, the Almighty Word opposed them. The Cymry prolonged the conflict with invincible skill and valour, and at length he exalted the British name with glory.”

‘The battle here alluded to seems to be the first engagement of the Britons with Julius Cæsar.’ p. 149.

Here is a striking anachronism: *the Son of God, the Almighty*

Word, are obviously Christian ideas, and they occur distinctly and unequivocally in the text; yet the commentator assures us that the battle in which the Romans are said to be opposed by the Son of God, the Almighty Word, was the first engagement of the Britons with Julius Cæsar—a period antecedent to the incarnation. This is, indeed, maintaining the pre-existence of Christ.

ART. VIII.—*General Biography; or, Lives, critical and historical, of the most eminent Persons of all Ages, Countries, Conditions, and Professions, arranged according to alphabetical Order. Composed by John Aikin, M.D., the Rev. Thomas Morgan, and Mr. William Johnston. Vol. IV. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. Boards. Johnson. 1803.*

IN the 26th, 31st, and 36th volumes of our Second Series, the preceding parts of the present Biography have been noticed; and to each article are prefixed some general remarks, lest we might have condemned the authors on statutes not promulgated; for all civilians have admitted, that bad laws are preferable to uncertain ones: and that the worst code will be found more advantageous, than the capricious decisions of a despot. We had intended to pursue this part of our subject: but the numerous claims on our attention preclude extensive details, and we must confine ourselves to the peculiar distinguishing merits and faults of the volume before us.

Yet, not wholly to decline the performance of the engagement we entered into at the close of our last article, we shall premise some few observations on the proportion of attention which the lives of different persons require. This, however, is a very difficult point, since each author will consider those as most worthy of regard to whom the science he has chiefly cultivated has been indebted. Some general rules may, nevertheless, be suggested. To the improvers of science, particular attention is due, and the greater in proportion to the value of their improvements. It will be also, in this case, necessary to state what had been done antecedently, that the value of the additions may be the better ascertained. Thus the labours of Kepler, and Descartes in his Optics, must be explained, before we can appreciate the value of Newton's discoveries. It should be seen what Bergman owed to Scheele; what Columbus owed to the chart of Nuremberg. If, with the same views, we pay particular attention to those generals and admirals who have improved the military and naval arts, we ought also to pay a distinguished tribute to those who have served their country with spirit and success. It is singular that the military character of the duke of Marlborough has not yet been generally ascertained. Lord Chesterfield has taught us to think that much

of his good fortune was owing to his address; but military men still admire his dispositions and arrangements, his prudent foresight and active evolutions. Lord Rodney, too, who captured the commanders of three hostile squadrons within the space of not more than as many years, should be noticed as having first taught naval officers to break the line—the plan to which lords St. Vincent and Nelson have owed their fame. In religion, the best men, the ablest preachers, and most intelligent commentators on the word of God, will claim peculiar attention; and the parts in which they have best succeeded should be insisted on, to direct the views of their successors. In metaphysics, those who have laboured to bring their science to the support of religion, will claim particular notice; and those, who, on the opposite side, have injured the cause they ought to have defended, must have a share of regard, to detect their errors. Thus, in the life of Hume, it would require no great extent of disquisition to point out how fairly his career commences; where he begins to confuse his subject, to approach the conclusion he designs to draw; while he hides the confusion by the art and fascination of his language. In medicine, few would refuse a more pointed attention to Harvey than to Mead; to Sydenham than to Wintringham; to Boerhaave and Cullen, than to Pitcairne and Allen. In every science, it is not alone the works that each author has published that will determine the degree of attention they merit, but the advances they have made in their respective departments. In general life, it is not the busy scenes in which they have been engaged, but the great revolutions and events which they have witnessed and influenced.

If we examine this work by these tests, we shall not speak of it very highly. The same cold monotony of style pervades the whole. The biographers are seldom roused to enthusiasm, and as seldom excited to indignant reprobation. The attention bestowed on each author seems to have been influenced by no particular plan. Brevity must be necessarily consulted; and the task is often hastily finished without an inquiry whether it be complete. Of this we shall point out some instances in a more particular examination of the volume before us.

This, making the fourth, contains the lives under the letters F and G; several of which are new, at least to the English reader, while some are now compiled for the first time. We perceive a little variation in the authors. Mr. Nicholson's name no longer appears, and his place is apparently supplied by Mr. W. Johnston.

Among the authors less generally known, and now, we believe, for the first time noticed in any general biographic collection, we find, in an early part of the volume, the lives of

Ferber and Filangeri, chiefly taken from Hirsching's Manual. In an English work, it should however have been observed, that Ferber's Italian travels have been translated into our own language, and at least the first book of Filangeri by Mr. Kendal, with so much elegance, as to occasion some regret at its not having been continued. A good life of Flamstead is not complete, from the omission of the late publication by the Royal Society of his observations in the second volume of the *Historia Cœlestis*, not inserted in the British catalogue. To the biography of Cardinal Fleury also, which on the whole is well executed, the late life of Horace Walpole, by Mr. Coxe, might have afforded some interesting additions. The life of Fixlmillner is new in an English work, but perhaps too extensive, as the early part scarcely merited so large a share of attention. His astronomic labours, however, are important; and, as he is little known, we shall give some account of these from the work before us.

‘ His first astronomical work was entitled “*Meridianus Speculæ Astronomicæ Cremifanensis*,” 1766. Fixlmillner now obtained a considerable rank among the astronomical writers. In the year 1776 he published his “*Decennium Astronomicum*,” which contains observations made at Kremsmunster from 1765 to 1775, and many curious particulars of great importance both to the theory and the practice of astronomy. His third work, “*Acta Astronomica Cremifanensia*,” one of his last labours, which was not printed till after his death, tended still farther to confirm his celebrity as an astronomer. Besides these works, he sent many valuable contributions to the authors of various periodical publications, some of which may be found in the *Journal des Savans*, Bernouilli's *Lettres sur differens Sujets*, Bode's *Astronomical Almanack*, Hell's *Ephemerides of Vienna*, and the *Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris*. But the service which Fixlmillner rendered to astronomy will better appear from the following account of Baron von Zach of Gotha, an excellent judge of every thing that relates to the department of astronomy: “Fixlmillner's service to astronomy in a practical view consists chiefly,” says he, “in his having made and collected, at the desire of Lalande, a great many observations of Mercury, which at that time were very scarce and difficult; and thereby enabled the French astronomer to construct his tables of that planet. This service Lalande publicly acknowledged, and such of these observations as he could employ he inserted in the supplemental volume to his astronomy, in his *Ephemerides des Mouvements Célestes*, vol. viii., 1785—1792, and in the *Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences*. He was also one of the first astronomers who calculated the orbit of the new planet Uranus; and he constructed tables of it, which may be found in the Berlin almanack for 1789. He was the first who proved the truth of professor Bode's conjecture, that the thirty-fourth star of Taurus, observed by Flamstead in 1690, was the new planet; and by applying Flamstead's observations to calculation, he produced a theory which fully agreed with the phenomena of it. His tables

corresponded to the end of the year 1786 with the observations made; but the continued observations, and, in particular, the application of the general theory of perturbation, rendered other tables necessary. Fixlmillner's useful labour in regard to the sun's parallax, which he calculated with great assiduity from observations of the transit of Venus in 1769, made in almost every part of the world, deserves also to be particularly mentioned. One evident proof of his indefatigable diligence was, that he calculated all his own observations; compared them with the best tables, the faults of which he detected, and pointed out how they might be improved. Many astronomers observe a great deal, and calculate little; the case with this industrious astronomer was different. All eclipses of the sun, all occultations of the planets by the moon, which, on account of the great labour they require, are seldom calculated, Fixlmillner calculated himself on the spot, and, in order to avoid errors, always double; all oppositions of the planets, which are of so much importance in astronomy, as they are of the same value as if they were made in the centre of the sun, and consequently in the centre of the solar system, he observed and calculated with the same care and attention. He turned his thoughts likewise, more than any other astronomer, to observations of the solar spots, so much neglected: he not only observed them in the years 1767, 1776, 1777, 1778, and 1782, but he employed them with great advantage to deduce from them important results in regard to the sun's rotation on his axis: he determined, at the same time, the place of the nodes of the solar equator, and its inclination. Amidst this uncommon activity, never interrupted by external circumstances, he displayed his ingenuity and inventive talents by the simple and easy methods of managing the longest and most tedious calculations. This is proved by several excellent propositions in his works, in regard to the accurate calculation of the moon's phases, and the inclination of her horns; of the earth's shadow during lunar eclipses, of the heliocentric elongation of the solar spots, and by his acute observations on the aberration of light, and on the celebrated Keplerian problem of converting the mean into the true anomaly, &c. He had also a very uncommon genius for mechanics, and invented many practical helps to observation, such as a new micrometer, and a machine for grinding concentric circles on glasses with great accuracy. It must not here be omitted to mention that this able astronomer lived in the country, at a distance from any large city, from all literary assistance, and from the society of those versed in astronomy, that is, from every thing that could encourage and excite his zeal; and yet, till the last moment of his life, he was a singular instance of indefatigable exertion and attachment to his favourite science. But few men were so little subject to the powerful influence of the passions. Fixlmillner was simple, uniform, and constant, like the laws of nature which he studied: and his character displayed that mildness and integrity which never fail to inspire love and esteem. The celebrity he had acquired did not render him vain; what was said or written in his praise he sought rather to conceal than to propagate. He lived in great harmony with his monastic brethren; and it was a day of general joy to the whole establishment, when in 1788 he celebrated the anniversary of the fiftieth year of his residence in it. This period, however, he

did not long survive: his health had suffered by so close application, and obstinate obstructions, followed by a diarrhœa, put an end to his existence on the 27th of August, 1791, in the seventy-first year of his age.' Vol. iv. p. 111.

The Fordyces afford much novelty: the life of David is well written; and in that of James we perceive some fresh information, though not of great importance. The life of George is quite new, and, though not written with critical discrimination of his talents, or with much spirit, is still interesting. We shall select a portion of it.

‘Fordyce, George, an eminent medical writer and lecturer, was the posthumous son of the elder brother of the subjects of the preceding articles, who resided upon a small estate of his own near Aberdeen. He was born in 1736, and at an early period was sent to study at the university of Aberdeen, where he was made M.A. at the age of fourteen. This circumstance is perhaps rather a proof of the facility of graduation in that seminary, than of any extraordinary precocity of genius in the student. At fifteen years of age he was placed as pupil to his uncle John, then a surgeon and apothecary at Uppingham in Rutlandshire. Thence he removed to Edinburgh, where his assiduity in study attracted the particular notice of Dr. Cullen, then chemical professor, who took pains to promote his improvement. He took his degree of doctor there in 1758, and afterwards spent a winter in Leyden. Notwithstanding his small patrimony had been nearly expended in his education, he resolved to try his fortune in the metropolis, where he settled in the autumn of 1759. At that period no other private lectures of the medical kind were given in London than those on anatomy, midwifery, and surgery. He therefore thought he saw an opening for the introduction of a plan of more enlarged medical instruction, conformable to the principles of the Edinburgh school; and he commenced with a course of chemistry. Though his encouragement in the beginning was small, he proceeded with steadiness and diligence, and added to his lessons the branches of *materia medica* and the practice of physic. His reputation gradually spread; and a great number of young men who came to London for the sake of its advantages in anatomy and surgery, also took the benefit of his lectures. His “*Elements of the Practice of Physic*,” published in 1768, were the text-book of his lectures on this topic, and were much read as an useful compendium of medicine. He acquired a respectable share of private practice, and so established was his character in 1770 that he was chosen physician to St. Thomas’s hospital against a competitor of great interest. His scientific merit deservedly gained him admission to the Royal Society in 1776. His reception into the famous Literary Club is less easily accounted for; for although a friend of social and convivial meetings, and well-informed upon solid topics, few men have possessed less of the ease and vivacity which qualify a person for mixed conversation; nor did any of his writings display a taste for elegant or ornamental literature. In 1787 he was elected *speciali gratia* a fellow of the College of Physicians. As he had been a warm opposer, when a licentiate, of the exclusive claims of the col-

lege, this voluntary assumption of him might appear extraordinary. But that learned body was then preparing a new edition of its *Pharmacopœia*; and as most of its members had been educated in the less active schools of medical science, it may be presumed that they were sensible of a deficiency in the general stock of chemical knowledge, which they thought it advisable to supply by adopting one of Dr. Fordyce's reputation. Another advantage which he obtained by the joint aid of his character and connections, was a contract for supplying the navy with sour-kROUT, which he is said to have fulfilled equally to his own benefit, and that of the public. Though from his habits of life his constitution shewed symptoms of premature decay, he continued to pursue his professional employments, till at length, under the pressure of irregular gout and a watery effusion in the chest, he sunk on June 25th, 1802, at the age of sixty-six. Dr. Fordyce as a lecturer was slow and embarrassed in his delivery, but his matter was replete with original ideas, and rich in scientific stores, accumulated by the help of a very retentive memory. His works were, "Elements of Agriculture and Vegetation;" "Elements of the Practice of Physic, in two Parts;" "A Treatise on the Digestion of Food;" "Four Dissertations on Fever;" and various papers in the *Philosophical*, and the *Medical and Chirurgical Transactions*. Vol. iv. p. 162.

Dr. Fordyce undoubtedly possessed a clear understanding and a profound judgement. Though indolent in the extreme, and perhaps never deeply studious, he collected a variety of facts and observations, which, in his details, were lost from a most unpleasing, ungracious manner. His prejudices and prepossessions were strong, and often invincible; and, though he owed much to Dr. Cullen, he never seemed to speak of him with the respect due to his labours and ingenuity. It is not always easy, indeed, to distinguish recollection from invention; and what he had very early learnt, he might suppose to be his own.

The life of the vain, irritable, we may add ungrateful, J. R. Forster, the companion of captain Cook, contains some new information; and with respect to George Fox, the great apostle of the quakers, there are some additional circumstances, not generally known. The life of Dr. Freind is written with great propriety and accurate discrimination. That of Gainsborough is also singularly neat and exact. The authors seem, however, to have collected much from a work of the late Mr. Jackson—*The Four Ages*—without acknowledging it. The life of Galvani, from whom Galvanism, the new form of electricity, derives its name, is new, and properly detailed: nor do we recollect that of Gaubius in any former biographical work. The life of Gardiner is too long and minute. To that of Gay it should have been added, that the duchess of Queensbury, his great patroness, lived to see Polly, the sequel to the *Beggar's Opera*, acted, we believe at Drury-lane. We have heard it observed by one who attended the first representation of the former, that its success

was more than doubtful; approbation was yielding to disgust; when Miss Fenton addressing in a manner the audience, with the most winning pathos, in that favourite song,

‘For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly’s life—’

recovered the whole, and became ultimately duchess of Bolton.

Of De Geer the naturalist—Gellert the poet—and Genovesi, a metaphysical theologian—the accounts, though not always new, are not generally known. The attention bestowed on each, however, is not proportionate to its importance. If the life of Genovesi be too long, the same unreasonable prolixity may be discovered in the lives of Grindal, Bernard Gilpin, Grandier, Grove, and even in the lives of Gregory the Great and Hugo Grotius. To descend to minute anecdotes and particular details, destroys the keeping of the picture, and renders the objects disproportionate. Of Mr. Gibbon we can expect nothing new; yet the conclusion of his life merits a short selection.

‘Of a work so well known as “Gibbon’s History of the Decline and Fall,” it would be superfluous here to enter into any critical examination. It seems generally acknowledged, that it is a performance of vast and accurate research, and of enlarged and philosophical thinking; that it abounds in splendid passages and curious discussions; and that its style, though sometimes affected and obscure, through the desire of avoiding common modes of expression, is such as displays a thorough mastery of the whole compass of the English language. A familiarity with French models has occasionally produced violations both of sound sense and of moral propriety; and his historic Muse, while she retains her dignified garb, often loses her sober demeanour. The work has, however, taken a secure place among the English classics, and will ever form a distinguished object in the literary history of the eighteenth century.

‘The remainder of Mr. Gibbon’s life, being only that of a private gentleman, affords little matter for the biographer. The storms of the French revolution, which occasionally menaced the quiet regions of Switzerland, gradually loosened his attachment to Lausanne, and made him look towards a refuge in England. He viewed that great event with all the alarm and detestation of one habituated to the higher orders of society, and radically hostile to democratical sway. He thus explicitly declares his sentiments on the occasion. “I beg leave to subscribe my assent to Mr. Burke’s creed on the revolution of France. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can almost excuse his reverence for church establishments.” Many passages of his letters to his most confidential friend, lord Sheffield, shew that in his terror or indignation he had acquired a thorough aversion to even the most moderate and reasonable reforms. In such a state of mind the authority of his opinion can stand for little; and his politics were always too personal to command much deference. His return to England in 1793, was, however, the immediate result

of a call of friendship which does honour to his heart: it was to console the friend above mentioned under a heavy domestic loss. He spent some months with that friend and in other visits, when his attention was forcibly called to the progress of a disease, which had subsisted above thirty years, but having long produced little inconvenience, was submitted to in silence. Without entering into surgical description, it suffices to say, that after a second palliative operation, a mortification ensued, which carried him off on Jan. 16, 1794, in his sixty-seventh year. His approaching end was so little suspected by himself, that the scene was no trial of his fortitude; his last moments were perfectly tranquil. Mr. Gibbon has given a picture of his own character, which is probably near the truth. "I am endowed with a cheerful temper, a moderate sensibility, and a natural disposition to repose rather than to activity: some mischievous appetites and habits have perhaps been corrected by philosophy or time. The love of study supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure." He was easy in society, and fond of it: he was beloved by his friends, and had in an eminent degree the manners and sentiments of a gentleman. Early indulgence and habit had made the conveniences and elegances of cultured life essential to his comfort, and he was not one who could have been content with the consciousness of mental superiority in an humble state. After his death, two quarto volumes of his miscellaneous works were published by lord Sheffield. Of these, the most valuable part is the *Memoirs of his Life and Writings*, composed by himself, whence the preceding narrative has been chiefly extracted. They are written in a very pleasing manner, with much apparent frankness. Many of his private letters are subjoined, which are lively and entertaining, in the true epistolary style. The second volume contains a journal of his studies, with remarks upon books, chiefly in French; together with his smaller publications already mentioned. *Gibbon's Memoirs, with lord Sheffield's Additions.*—A. Vol. iv. p. 399.

The lives of Gleditsch, Von Gleichen, the two Gmelins, Goeze, and Gottsched, contain some new and important information. In De Gorter's life is a list of his works, in which the treatise on the *Materia Medica* is attributed to him. The name in the title-page is David's: but the authors are right by accident: it was given by the old man to his son. The lives of Glover and Goldsmith are extremely well executed, and contain well discriminated characters of each. The life of Gray is summed up with great propriety:

'Many instances may be brought to prove that poets are not, more than other men, the creatures of passion, thoughtlessness, and caprice; and that of Gray is among the number. With a warm imagination, he had cool affections, and a calm sedate disposition. He was attentive to economy, yet void of the least tincture of avarice. Delicacy with respect to pecuniary matters was, indeed, carried by him to a degree of excess; for it made him reject, with a sort of disdainful pride, those emoluments which he might honourably have derived from his literary exertions. The character of an author by profession

was what he peculiarly shunned; yet (so difficult is consistency) it could have been only upon the strength of his public reputation as a writer, that he became a petitioner for a lucrative sinecure. His friend Mr. Mason attests his secret bounty, even when his circumstances were the most narrow. He was very careful of himself, and so timorous, that it is said some of the finest views in a tour to the Lakes escaped him, because he did not choose to venture to those spots whence they were to be seen. This want of personal courage singularly contrasts with the manly and martial strains of his poetry. In morals he was temperate, upright, and a constant friend to virtue. His religious opinions were not known, but he always reprobated the dissemination of scepticism and infidelity. Few men of his reputation have had less vanity, and he bore with good-humour and easy negligence all the critical attacks upon his compositions.

As the *learning* of Gray was entirely for his own use, and produced no fruits for the public, it has no claims to particular notice. From the testimony of his friends, it seems to have comprised almost every topic of human enquiry, excepting those belonging to the exact sciences. We are almost tantalised with accounts of the valuable remarks he made upon authors and subjects in the course of his reading, which, if so deep and original as they are represented, ought in some manner to have been brought to public view. If he was, as one of his admirers has asserted, "perhaps the most learned man in Europe," never was learning more thrown away. It is exclusively as a *poet* that his name deserves to be transmitted to posterity. In this capacity, the small number of his compositions, compared with the high rank he has attained, must be considered as indicative of an uncommon degree of excellence in his art. And, in reality, no one appears to have possessed more of that faculty of poetical perception which distinguishes among all the objects of art and nature what are fittest for the poet's use, together with the power of displaying them in their richest colours. That many of these objects were derived to him from the works of other writers will not be denied by a judicious admirer; and if a distinction is to be made between the poet of nature and the poet of study, he is certainly to be ranged in the latter class. It has already been remarked that his two principal odes are expressly addressed to prepared readers; and to enter into his beauties, both of diction and versification, a course of poetical study is necessary. Even with such a preparation, the delight they afford will not be the same to all, as is manifest from Dr. Johnson's derogatory strictures; in which, however, candid readers have discovered more ill-nature than taste. In pure invention Gray cannot be said to excel, neither is he highly pathetic or sublime; but he is splendid, lofty, and energetic; generally correct, and richly harmonious. Though lyric poetry is that in which he has chiefly exercised himself, he was capable of varying his manner to suit any species of composition. Perhaps he was best of all qualified for the moral and didactic, if we may judge from his noble *fragment* of "An Essay on the Alliance of Education and Government." But the number of his fragments indicates a want of power to support a long-continued flight; and it would be too indulgent to suppose that he *could* have performed all that he planned. As a writer of Latin verse he is perhaps surpassed

by few in classic propriety, and certainly excels the ordinary tribe of Latin versifiers in novelty and dignity. The familiar letters of Gray are entertaining and instructive. They are free from all parade, and possess a fund of pleasantry, sometimes bordering upon quaintness. *Mason's Life and Letters of Gray.*—A. Vol. iv. p. 503.

Numerous are the Gregorys, the Ferdinands, and some other common names. We are chiefly interested with those of our own nation. We distinguished only the lives of James Gregory, the mathematician, and of John, the medical professor. The first, somewhat too long, is, however, written with ability and just discrimination: the latter is by far too short, and the features are indistinct.

A circumstance which particularly struck us, as it has been the subject of some remarks in a late number, is the variation of the Latin from the vernacular names. In a work like the present, each should occur under the proper letters, though the initials are not always different. But every one does not know that Guarini and Varenus are the same; that an author styled in Latin *De Fluctibus*, will be found in the article *Fludd*; that for *Fulgentius* we must look for *Ferrandus*; and for *Jovius*, *Giovo* (*Paul*). In the Index every difficulty of this kind may be removed.

A slight recollection has pointed out many omissions: these we shall not enlarge on; yet we think *Fontana*, *Zachary Grey*, *Duncan Forbes*, and some others which occur to our memory in the moment, deserved some niches in this temple of fame. We trust a supplement will be added to the work.

ART. IX.—*Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin, chiefly during his Residence at Lichfield, with Anecdotes of his Friends, and Criticisms on his Writings.* By Anna Seward. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Boards. Johnson. 1804.

We have explained what appears to us the chief object of the biographer, in our examination of the successive volumes of the *General Biography*, by Dr. Aikin, &c.; nor need we now enlarge on the errors of similar works, above all, the venial partiality of friendship, which, when the last scene is closed, decorates every amiable quality with the most vivid hues, and hides every fault under the guise of its kindred virtue. Our biographer is fully sensible of danger from this source.

‘ Biography of recently departed eminence is apt to want characteristic truth, since it is generally written either by a near relation,

“ Who writes to share the fame of the deceased,
So high in merit, and to him so dear!
Such dwell on praises which they think they share; ”

or by an highly obliged friend, whom gratitude and affection render blindly partial, and who is influenced by a desire of gratifying, with a description of all-excelling endowment and angelic excellence, the surviving family of the author he commemorates; or by an editor who believes it highly conducive to his profits on the writings he publishes, or republishes, to claim for their author the unqualified admiration and reverence of mankind. All these classes of biographers do for the person whom they commemorate, what our generally wise queen Elizabeth had the weakness to request her painters would do for her portrait on the canvass; they draw a picture without shades.

‘ But though people of credulous and effervescent zeal may be gratified by seeing a writer, whose works have charmed them, thus invested with unrivalled genius and super-human virtue, the judicious few, whose approbation is genuine honor, are aware of this truth, asserted by Mrs. Barbauld in her beautiful, her inestimable essay against inconsistency in our expectations. “ Nature is much too frugal to heap together all manner of shining qualities in one glaring mass.” Every man has his errors, and the errors of public characters are too well known not to expose unfounded eulogium to the distaste of all who prefer truth to enthusiasm. They are conscious that the mind, as well as the person, of a celebrated character, ought to be drawn with dispassionate fidelity, or not attempted; that though just biographic record will touch the failings of the good and the eminent with tenderness, it ought not to spread over them the veil of suppression. A portrait-painter might as well omit each appropriate distinction of feature, countenance, and form, because it may not be elegant, and, like the limner in Gay’s Fables, finish his pictures from casts of the Venus and Apollo, as the historian conceal the faults, foibles, and weaknesses of the individual whom he delineates.’ p. viii.

Perhaps, in the volume before us, miss Seward has not always kept her principle in view; yet, from the venial partiality we have mentioned, she may not have been aware of her error. To those who have known Dr. Darwin, there may be hints which border on veracity: to us, at a great distance, such hints are the *telum imbellis sine ictu*: if the author please, our minds may have lost by age their sharpness of perception, or they may have never possessed it. Yet his peculiar attention to the young ladies whose boarding-school he gratuitously attended, and for whose emolument the Plan for the Conduct of Female Education was written, has been accounted for by no very distant relationship, though we admit that the exertion did him credit. Sarcasm and irony were not, we apprehend, excited by ‘opposition’ alone, but too frequently were the retorts to a question dictated by affectionate anxiety, or sometimes by common curiosity; and, what perhaps is less excusable in a physician, from whom no secret is concealed, indelicacy of language, or indelicate allusions, were not with him uncommon. We may have been misinformed, or these may have been the errors of a later period of life; but our authority was no com-

mon one. Miss Seward's picture of Dr. Darwin we shall however select: it is not an indiscriminate daubing.

‘He was somewhat above the middle size, his form athletic, and inclined to corpulence; his limbs too heavy for exact proportion. The traces of a severe small-pox; features, and countenance, which, when they were not animated by social pleasure, were rather saturnine than sprightly; a stoop in the shoulders, and the then professional appendage, a large full-bottomed wig, gave, at that early period of life, an appearance of nearly twice the years he bore. Florid health, and the earnest of good humour, a sunny smile, on entering a room, and on first accosting his friends, rendered, in his youth, that exterior agreeable, to which beauty and symmetry had not been propitious.

‘He stammered extremely; but whatever he said, whether gravely or in jest, was always well worth waiting for, though the inevitable impression it made might not always be pleasant to individual self-love. Conscious of great native elevation above the general standard of intellect, he became, early in life, sore upon opposition, whether in argument or conduct, and always revenged it by sarcasm of very keen edge. Nor was he less impatient of the sallies of egotism and vanity, even when they were in so slight a degree, that strict politeness would rather tolerate than ridicule them. Dr. Darwin seldom failed to present their caricature in jocose but wounding irony. If these ingredients of colloquial despotism were discernible in *unworn* existence, they increased as it advanced, fed by an evergrowing reputation within and without the pale of medicine.

‘Extreme was his scepticism to human truth. From that cause he often disregarded the accounts his patients gave of themselves, and rather chose to collect his information by indirect inquiry and by cross-examining them, than from their voluntary testimony. That distrust and that habit were probably favourable to his skill in discovering the origin of diseases, and thence to his pre-eminent success in effecting their cure;—but they impressed his mind and tintured his conversation with an apparent want of confidence in mankind, which was apt to wound the ingenuous and confiding spirit, whether seeking his medical assistance, or his counsel as a friend. Perhaps this proneness to suspicion mingled too much of art in his wisdom.’ P. 1.

‘Professional generosity distinguished Dr. Darwin's medical practice. While resident in Lichfield, to the priest and lay-vicars of it's cathedral, and their families, he always cheerfully gave his advice, but never took fees from any of them. Diligently, also, did he attend to the health of the poor in that city, and afterwards at Derby, and supplied their necessities by food, and all sort of charitable assistance. In each of those towns, *his* was the cheerful board of almost open-housed hospitality, without extravagance or parade; deeming ever the first unjust, the latter unmanly. Generosity, wit, and science, were his household gods.

‘To those many rich presents, which Nature bestowed on the mind of Dr. Darwin, she added the seducing, and often dangerous gift of a highly poetic imagination; but he remembered how fatal that gift professionally became to the young physicians, Akenside and Arn-

strong. Concerning *them*, the public could not be persuaded, that so much excellence in an ornamental science was compatible with intense application to a severer study; with such application as it held necessary to a responsibility, towards which it might look for the source of disease, on which it might lean for the struggle with mortality. Thus, through the first twenty-three years of his practice as a physician, Dr. Darwin with the wisdom of Ulysses, bound himself to the medical mast, that he might not follow those delusive Syrens, the Muses, or be considered as their avowed votary. Occasional little pieces, however, stole at seldom occurring periods from his pen; though he cautiously precluded their passing the press, before his latent genius for poetry became unveiled to the public eye in it's copious and dazzling splendour. Most of these minute gems have stolen into newspapers and magazines, since the impregnable rock, on which his medicinal and philosophical reputation were placed, induced him to contend for *that* species of fame, which should entwine the Parnassian laurel with the balm of pharmacy.' p. 5.

Traces of what we have more clearly pointed out are to be found in these extracts; and it is even admitted, that some of the errors may have increased with age, and the over-weening conceit which arises from implicit confidence. Had Dr. Darwin disregarded the narratives of his patients, or considered them only as furnishing the leading points of his subsequent examination, it would have been no great fault; but he was often known with little delicacy to silence them. Patients, on the subjects of their own complaints, are minute and circumlocutory: yet from these tedious repetitions a physician may procure intelligence which he would with difficulty obtain from any other source, and collect hints for questions of the greatest importance. We believe that the chief part of these tales are commonly useless; but it is cruel to check what the sick man may choose to relate, and which, at least in his own view, is highly important.

Dr. Darwin reached Lichfield in 1756, and by a happy boldness, or a discriminating judgement, succeeded in a difficult case, which had baffled the reigning Æsculapius of the period.

* Equal success, as in the case of Mr. Inge, continued to result from the powers of Dr. Darwin's genius, his frequent and intense meditation, and the avidity with which he, through life, devoted his leisure to scientific acquirement, and the investigation of disease. Ignorance and timidity, superstition, prejudice, and envy, sedulously strove to attach to his practice the terms, *rash, experimental, theoretic*; not considering, that without *experimental* theory, the restoring science could have made no progress; that neither time, nor all its accumulation of premature death, could have enlarged the circle, in which the *merely* practical physician condemns himself to walk. Strength of mind, fortitude unappalled, and the perpetual success which attended this great man's deviations from the *beaten* track, enabled him to shake those mists from his reputation, as the lion shakes to air the dewdrops on his mane.' p. 9.

In this point miss Seward must of course wander from the record, as it is a subject on which her sex and studies will not allow her to judge. It does not appear that, as a practical physician, Dr. Darwin *did* wander from the beaten track; and of 'experimental theory' we can form no idea, unless (and, as an unfavourable one, we cannot suspect it to be within the author's view) we consider as such a wild deviation in practice, and a very fanciful innovation in theory. We suspect, that, in such circumstances, time, with 'all its accumulation of premature death,' would *not* enlarge the circle of the experimental theorist.

Dr. Darwin married miss Howard, of Lichfield, in 1757, at the age of eighteen. She lived in pain, affected with spasms in her stomach and head, till the year 1770. Her end was that of a Christian and a heroine. We trust that some shades, supposed to have darkened the picture, had no existence. Mr. Edgeworth, and Mr. Day, author of the *Dying Negro*, *Sandford* and *Merton*, &c. were led, it is said, to reside at Lichfield by the fame of Dr. Darwin, whose house was the resort of the sages and philosophers of that neighbourhood. Mr. Edgeworth was 'gracefully spirited' and eloquent. He danced, fenced, and 'winged his arrows,' with elegance and skill. Of his friend Mr. Day, the picture is more *sombre*.

'Mr. Day looked the philosopher. Powder and fine clothes were, at that time; the appendages of gentlemen. Mr. Day wore not either. He was tall and stooped in the shoulders, full made, but not corpulent; and in his meditative and melancholy air, a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended. We found his features interesting and agreeable amidst the traces of a severe small-pox. There was a sort of weight upon the lids of his large hazle eyes; yet when he declaimed,

"Of good and evil,
"Passion, and apathy, and glory, and shame,"

very expressive were the energies gleaming from them beneath the shade of sable hair, which, Adam-like, curled about his brows. Less graceful, less amusing, less brilliant than Mr. E., but more highly imaginative, more classical, and a deeper reasoner; strict integrity, energetic friendship, openhanded bounty, sedulous and diffusive charity, greatly overbalanced, on the side of virtue, the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common-life society, that marked the peculiar character, which shall unfold itself on these pages. In succeeding years, Mr. Day published two noble poems, *The Dying Negro*, and *the Devoted Legions*; also *Sandford* and *Merton*, which by wise parents is put into every youthful hand.

'Mr. Day dedicated the third edition of *The Dying Negro* to Rousseau. That dedication has every force and every grace of eloquence. The sentiments are strongly characteristic of their writer, except in the philippic against American resistance; just commenced when the address to Rousseau was composed. Generous indignation

of the slave trade, practised without remorse in the southern colonies of North America, induced Mr. Day to refuse them all credit for the patriotic virtue of that resistance to new and unconstitutional claims, which threatened their liberties.

' In the course of the year 1770, Mr. Day stood for a full length picture to Mr. Wright of Derby. A strong likeness and a dignified portrait were the result. Drawn as in the open air, the surrounding sky is tempestuous, lurid, and dark. He stands leaning his left arm against a column inscribed to Hambden. Mr. Day looks upward, as enthusiastically meditating on the contents of a book, held in his dropped right hand. The open leaf is the oration of that virtuous patriot in the senate, against the grant of ship-money, demanded by king Charles the First. A flash of lightning plays in Mr. Day's hair, and illuminates the contents of the volume. The poetic fancy, and what were *then* the politics of the original, appear in the choice of subject and attitude. Dr. Darwin sat to Mr. Wright about the same period. *That* was a simply contemplative portrait, of the most perfect resemblance.' p. 18.

Mr. Day was not greatly deficient in the milk of human kindness, though unfeeling and severe to the lighter evils of life.

' Even at that period, "when youth, elate and gay, steps into life," Mr. Day was a rigid moralist, who proudly imposed on himself cold abstinence, even from the most innocent pleasures; nor would he allow an action to be virtuous, which was performed upon any hope of reward, here, or hereafter. This severity of principle; more abstract and specious, than natural or useful, rendered Mr. Day sceptical towards revealed religion, though by no means a *confirmed* deist. Most unlike Doctor Johnson in those doubts, he resembled him in want of sympathy with such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections; resembled him also, in true compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the power of relieving them he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life, and all the pleasures of luxury. For that mass of human character which constitutes polished society, he avowed a sovereign contempt; above all things he expressed aversion to the modern plans of female education, attributing to their influence the sickleness which had stung him. He thought it, however, his duty to marry; nursed systematic ideas of the force of philosophic tuition to produce future virtue, and loved to mould the infant and youthful mind.

' Ever despicable in Mr. Day's estimation were the distinctions of birth, and the advantages of wealth; and he had learnt to look back with resentment to the allurements of the Graces. He resolved, if possible, that his wife should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy. So might she be his companion in that retirement, to which he had destined himself; and assist him in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. He resolved also, that she should be simple as a mountain girl, in her dress, her diet, and her manners; fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines. — There was no finding such a creature ready made; philosophical romance could not hope it. He must mould some infant into the being his fancy had imaged.' p. 33.

'The conduct of this systematic visionary, in pursuit of such a wife, was truly ridiculous; and his attempt to mould his uncouth form to fashionable manners, showed a mind by no means of a strong texture. In short, the most puerile of mankind could not have formed a more absurd system, or pursued it with greater folly—so weak is human intellect when it quits every beaten path, and resolves to think for itself, without the regulation of established truths, and the sanction of general experience! This may be styled 'illiberal criticism from some of the self-elected censors in periodical publications,' who, we are told, decide singly and unassisted. Whoever the individual may be, the biographer before us does not know what assistance he may procure; and the decision, after all, must be left to its real merit, whether it be the production of a legion or of an individual. We cannot avoid adding, that we have seen nothing, in any review, more illiberal than such insinuations scattered at random; and were we inclined to be illiberal, we should, from this passage, have a fair excuse.

After Mr. Edgeworth and Mr. Day left the 'Darwinian sphere,' sir Brooke Boothby was hurried into its vortex. Of this gentleman we cannot speak from ourselves, but must copy from miss Seward, for a plain reason, that we do not understand the passage; nor have those who *have assisted* us been more successful.

'A votary to botanic science, a deep reasoner, and a *clear-sighted* politician, is sir Brooke Boothby, as his convincing refutation of that splendid, dazzling, and misleading sophistry, Burke on the French Revolution, has proved. Ever to be lamented is it, that national pride, and jealousy, made our efficient senate, and a large majority of people in these kingdoms, unable to discern the fallacy which sir Brooke's answer unveiled. Fallacy, which has eventually overthrown the balance of power in Europe; built up, by the strong cement of opposition, the republic's menacing and commanding tower, and wasted in combat with the phantom, Jacobinism, the nerves and sinews of defence against the time when *real* danger may assault Great Britain.' p. 58.

Dr. Darwin, in his own family, attempted to communicate the measles by inoculation; but the disease was so severe that the experiment was not repeated. His mechanical skill in the construction of a carriage was unsuccessful; and a fracture of the patella was the consequence of the last of his many falls from it. Of Dr. Darwin, of Mr. Seward, of archdeacon Vyse, Johnson, in his visits to Lichfield, deigns not to speak. They were not obsequious followers, silently assenting to the Rambler's prejudices or superstition. Yet we think the group is somewhat too highly exalted, while Johnson (for the sake, we suppose, of the contrast) is sunk too low. Perhaps the description of the water-frolic might have been properly omitted: if

Dr. Darwin's habitual sobriety were for once forgotten, the error should not have been ostentatiously recorded. The specimens of Darwinian wit we cannot highly applaud, and of Darwinian religion we shall say nothing—*ex nihilo nil fit*. We are requested, however, to contradict a relation in the present work, which describes Dr. Darwin as receiving an account of his son's death—of death by his own voluntary exertion—with such brutal apathy as to disgust the most insensible reader. Miss Seward was misled in this tale; and though his conduct did not display the deepest distress, it was by no means so disgustingly insensible as she by misinformation had been led to represent it. His pride, it is said, prevented a public appearance of grief; but he felt it in secret.

The *Zoönomia* was published in 1794, though begun in 1771. This work we have read with attention. We have read also, very carefully, the following character of it, which perhaps we might think just, if we could comprehend it.—

'Ingenious, beyond all precedent, in its conjectures, and embracing, with giant-grasp, almost every branch of philosophic science; discovering their bearings upon each other, and those subtle, and, till then, concealed links by which they are united; and with their separate, conjunctive and collective influence upon human organization; their sometimes probable, and at others demonstrative, power, under judicious application, of restoring that regularity to the mechanism of animal life, which is comprehended under the term *health*.' p. 85.

On the other hand, miss Seward's defence and explanation of instinct, so far as it will admit of explanation, is judicious and clear. This faculty in brutes Dr. Darwin has denied, and referred the whole to imitation. In her eulogium on the *Zoönomia*, miss Seward steps beyond her limits, particularly where she says that 'it will teach him' (the student) 'more than the pages of Galen and Hippocrates, than schools and universities know how to impart.' This is weak injudicious praise: it is more, for it has not the semblance of a foundation.

'When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.'

The botanical society at Lichfield for a time claimed some attention; and its labours have shared our care in the progress of this journal. It was known that Dr. Darwin was its vital principle; but it was not (at least generally) known, that the society consisted only of Dr. Darwin, sir Brooke Boothby, and one Jackson, a man who had obtained admission into the courts of spiritual law, wholly uneducated, but who had attained a tolerable proficiency in the French and Latin languages, and whose life was shortened by habits of ebriety. The translation of the *Genera Plantarum*, and one or two other works of Linnæus, were the productions of the proctor, corrected by his coadjutors.

'The doctor was probably disappointed that no recruits flocked to his botanical standard at Lichfield. The young men of the genteel classes in that city devoted themselves to professions with which natural history had no inseparable connexion. However useful, entertaining, and creditable might be it's studies, they felt little desire to deck the board of session, the pulpit, or the ensigns of war, with the Linnæan wreaths and the chemical crystallines. Thus the original triumvirate received no augmentation, yet the title was maintained. Various observations, signed Lichfield Botanical Society, were sent to the periodical publications, and it was amusing to hear scientific travellers, on their transit over Lichfield, inquiring after the state of the botanical society there.' p. 99.

What connexion can 'the *chemical crystallines*' have with the *botanical* society?

Miss Seward soon meets with more congenial subjects; and her description of the scene from which, in the person of the Naiad of the stream, Dr. Darwin addressed the owner, Mr. Sneyd of Belmont, is elegant and poetical.—

'Her rivulet originally took its course along the deep bottom of cradling woods, luxuriantly clothing the steeply-sloping mountains, which a rough glen, and this it's brook, divided.

'Mr. Sneyd caused the rough and tangled glen to be cleared and hollowed into one entire basin, which the brook immediately filled with the purest and most transparent water. Only a very narrow, marginal path is left on each side, between the water and those high woody mountains which shut the liquid scene from every other earthly object. This lake covers more than five acres, yet is not more than seventy yards across at the broadest part. The length is, therefore, considerable. It gradually narrows on it's flow, till suddenly, and with loud noise, it is precipitated down a craggy, darkling, and nearly perpendicular fall of forty feet. The stream then takes its natural channel, losing itself in the sombre and pathless woods which stretch far onward.

'While we walk on the brink of this liquid concave; while we listen to the roar, with which the tumbling torrent passes away; while we look up, on each side, to the umbrageous eminences, which leave us only themselves, the water, and the sky, we are impressed with a sense of solemn seclusion, and might fancy ourselves in the solitudes of Tinian or Juan-Fernandes. The trees and shrubs which, from such great elevation, impend over the flood, give it their own green tint without lessening its transparency. Glassy smooth, this lake has not a wave till within a few yards of its precipitance.' p. 100.

The Petrarchian scene of Dr. Darwin's life now approaches. Colonel and Mrs. Pole brought their children to Lichfield for the doctor's care; and the lady became his Laura. Mrs. Pole is described, in the most glowing colours, a nymph, a houri, an angel. What less could attract a hero with all the personal accomplishments of Dr. Darwin. The conclusion was not, how-

ever, Petrarchian: the lady became a widow, and, after a long unsuccessful courtship, the second wife of Dr. Darwin. One condition of Mrs. Pole's consent was, Dr. Darwin's leaving Lichfield, and removing to Derby.

To miss Seward the Botanic Garden was owing. Some lines, which she wrote, suggested the idea; and these lines are somewhat unhandsomely copied, with additions and alterations indeed, but without acknowledgement. Miss Seward checks her career to give a long, and, in our opinion, an uninteresting criticism, on Mr. Gisborne's Vales, and then returns to the Botanic Garden, the work of ten years.

The second volume of the Botanic Garden was, we know, published before the first, for the purpose, as it was alleged, of repeating some experiments in vegetation. It is with regret that we perceive, from this biography, that Dr. Darwin, in this instance, from mere policy, descended to falsehood. The fact is, that the second part was preferred as more splendid, more meretriciously gaudy, more within the level of the superficial reader, than the first. A meaner motive is added—*viz.* that those who possessed the second volume might wish to have the work complete. A just and delicate criticism of Mr. Fellowes is subjoined. Dr. Darwin, as a poet, he remarks, is peculiarly clear: his style is lucidly transparent, so as to 'show objects in their exact figure and proportion;' but he plays about the heart—he does not reach it. He speaks feelingly, but he does not make his readers feel. In fact, Dr. Darwin deals in general ideas, which make little impression.—By the way, is 'green light' expressive of the glow-worm's fire? It certainly is not, so far as our own observation extends.

In her critical examination and analysis of the Botanic Garden, miss Seward is more at home than in ascertaining the comparative merits of the *Zoönomia* with the works of Hippocrates and Galen; and we find in this part much judicious criticism, with praise occasionally somewhat exaggerated, and a few oversights. Our article has already extended too far, or we might follow the author more closely, though, indeed, again to review a work so long since published can be scarcely within the limits of our duty. We are surprised, however, that miss Seward, when speaking of Dr. Darwin's frequent use of spondee in the middle of a verse, had not remarked that the first foot is usually a dactyle, and that, though the third syllable of the dactyle is long from quantity, it is short in pronunciation; for the accent rests on the second syllable of what she styles the spondee:—

'Pierce thẽ düll *rōot*, relax its fibre trains,
Thāw thẽ thĩck *blōod* that lingers in its veins.'

Miss Seward descants, at considerable length, on the 'graces

and defects of the Botanic Garden, mixing candid objection with due praise. This part of her work demands our commendation; yet we think she has raised its merits too highly. The brilliant passages are numerous; but they soon tire: we are cloyed with sweets, and wish for some more homely food. It is not, also, sufficiently connected: the links of the chain are too long out of sight, and we read the descriptions as detached passages, rather than as parts of one whole. In the second volume also, the descriptions are a series of enigmas, for which even the botanist must look for a solution in the notes. Above all, an indelicacy of description, which miss Seward ineffectually attempts to defend, and a system which undermines natural religion, excites, in many parts, the warmest indignation.

Some of the smaller poems of Dr. Darwin are mentioned with their due tribute of applause; and miss Seward takes occasion to defend herself from various ridiculous specimens of poetry attributed to her in magazines. It is not an uncommon art, with inferior geniuses, to publish verses under the names of poets of distinguished talents. When they have gained attention, and, as the authors may suppose, admiration, the public are kindly informed that the editor has been misled, and that the poem in question is not miss Seward's, as he supposed, but the production of the unrivalled abilities of Anthony Pasquin, Mr. Pratt, or some other hero of that class. If we recollect rightly, in the instance here alluded to, the author was Mr. Pratt.

Dr. Darwin died in April, 1802, of an attack, as was supposed, of angina pectoris; and, as we have reason to expect a fuller account of the second period of his life during his residence at Derby, we shall not enlarge on his general character in this place. We may, however, remark that he was acute and ingenious, rather than profound and philosophic. His reasoning is often superficial, his analogies fanciful; and in few instances, either in philosophy or medicine, can we recollect a fair well-formed series of inductive argument. As a practitioner, he has left few traces of his talents. He was fashionable, but that alone is no criterion of excellence.

Of miss Seward's memoirs we cannot speak very highly. The facts are scarcely more numerous than those generally circulated; and, as we have hinted, we suspect that in some instances the *whole* truth is either unknown to, or not told by, the biographer. Her language is far from elegant: it is involved, confused, and sometimes incorrect. In fact, she seems to have stiffened it by study, and rendered it harsh by too great anxiety to become profound or comprehensive. Her criticisms are less laboured than many other parts, and, on the whole, far more elegant: she wanders at her ease through the parterre, and picks her flowers with more careless indifference. In many parts of these little walks we have accompanied her with satisfaction.

ART. X.—*Medicina nautica: An Essay on the Diseases of Seamen: comprehending the History of Health in the Channel for the Years 1799, 1800, and 1801. By Thomas Trotter, M. D. &c. Vol. III. 8vo. 9s. Boards. Longman and Rees. 1803.*

THIS volume was published some time since, and under different political circumstances from those of the present day. The author here takes his leave of the navy, at the establishment of a peace which he had reason to suppose would be firm and durable. Such is the unsatisfied nature of ambition, that his best hopes have been frustrated, and we are again engaged in war. We know not whether Dr. Trotter, 'having laid down his *castus* and his art,' has once more assumed them, or whether this be the last legacy to that public which he has so essentially served.

The introduction relates to the numerous improvements made in the medical department of the marine, and to the abuses which still remain, together with some miscellaneous observations a little too far extended. The abstract from Dr. Cockburn's *Sea Diseases*, the second edition of which appeared in 1706, contains some observations of curiosity, and contributes to support the old adage of 'nothing new.'

The first portion of this miscellaneous work contains 'Proposals to Lord St. Vincent for meliorating the Establishment of medical Officers,' a circumstance of considerable importance, which, we trust, may even yet claim attention. The next memoir relates to the health of the fleet in 1799. 'Scurvy' was more frequent than we expected to find it in this period of improved management; and 'typhous fevers' were not uncommon—scarcely to be referred, in every instance, to contagion, though often to a neglect of cleanliness. Fumigations with nitrous gas were not successful in checking contagion. The 'malignant ulcer' seemed, on its first approach, to be highly inflammatory. The 'vaccine disease' began to be introduced into the fleet about this time; and the concrete acid of lemons was found to succeed in the cure of scurvy. The third memoir is on 'contagion and typhus.' The details are miscellaneous; and we can collect no very satisfactory account on these subjects which can be communicated within our limits. Fevers were often to be traced from the tenders, and from the landmen, who brought contagion without being themselves infected. The women also frequently conveyed the febrile miasmata. In general, the typhous diseases appeared to be contagious, when once introduced, and were of the low kind; though, in the commencement, inflammatory pains, as usual, occurred. Ebriety, sleeping in damp clothes, and on wet decks, were often exciting causes. We see

little in the means of cure that needs detain us. Cold affusion was, in various instances, practised with apparent benefit. Indeed, the whole essay is rather filled with the number of sick returned in each ship, declamations against the forms of office which prevent improvements, the inefficacy of fumigations with nitrous gas, the number of gin-shops shut up in Plymouth-dock, and the expense of scouring blankets, five times repeated within the compass of 200 pages, than with any account of improved methods of cure. Antimony, in general, is thought injurious, and it may be so, in the true typhus. Bark we perceive rarely given except in convalescence. Wine and nourishing diet, often furnished by the humanity of the officers, are much confided in. We mean not to blame the author; but were the minute particulars retrenched, and real information more freely scattered, the reader would not so often, as we have done, lay down the volume in disgust.

The 'Thoughts on Contagion and Prevention of the Plague' are somewhat desultory, but contain remarks of importance. Among these, we rank the author's frequently inculcating the necessity of washing clothes, &c. and the exposure of goods, supposed to be infected, to the heat of about 120° of Fahrenheit; after which they should be freely ventilated.

The 'Essay on the Ventilation of Ships,' chiefly intended for the use of officers, is clear and valuable: yet there are several chemical and other errors. One of these is, that rotten wood resembles carbonaceous matter; another, that wet occasions rottenness: its more common causes are alternate wetting and drying, or moisture in the form of vapour. The 'Remarks on Variola and Vacciola' are not particularly interesting.

'Pneumonia,' 'catarrh,' and 'ophthalmia,' are the next subjects of our author's attention. The catarrhs of the fleet were generally from severe duty: but there is often a suspicion of epidemic contagion, not only from the numbers attacked at a time, but from the typhoid form of the fever. This idea, however, is opposed by Dr. Trotter. In 'pneumonia,' there are some cautions respecting bleeding. Seamen, it seems, do not bear this evacuation well; and a large bleeding, at once, is better than a repetition of the evacuation. In 'ophthalmia' our author depends on keeping the patient in a cool, dark place, with frequent applications of cold water.

'Phthisis,' in the year 1800, was not uncommon. It was not, however, the florid hectic of younger people, but attacked the elder men and those of swarthy complexions, though in other respects of the hectic form. Dr. Trotter seems inclined to refer it to an article of diet, introduced *without consulting him*, viz. an ounce of lemon-juice daily, for the prevention of scurvy, together with the severe duty of that period, which acted as an exciting cause. An apprehension of death was kept perpetually

alive, instead of the cheerful spirits and flattering hopes of the youthful affected with the same complaint. Hectic exacerbations were not constant, and the alternation of diarrhoea with colliquative sweats not often observable. It was frequently fatal in five or six weeks.

This disease can be scarcely called true phthisis: Dr. Trotter, however, considers it as such, and steps a little from the sick-bed to private practice, chiefly to condemn the usual antiphlogistic plans. The disease resembles, indeed, the phthisis on land, in many respects, and is also probably of a scrophulous nature. The fox-glove was found to be useful, though by no means so strikingly beneficial as its advocates have pretended. Squills, in Dr. Trotter's opinion, resemble fox-glove in their qualities and effects. Flannel, if worn next the skin, should, he thinks, be changed daily: it should be also, we think, daily rinsed in cold pure water.

The 'spasmodic affections' of sailors, occasionally approaching the true hysteria of females, form a singular and a new shade of the complaint. We cannot abridge the description.

'The history of the disease itself comprehends the symptoms, and often assumes the form of almost every other. This Protean form alarms the patient, and excites a thousand imaginary fears. Pains, stitches, or cramps of the muscular parts; contractions of the joints; spasm and paralysis of the sphincters, from whence obstinate suppressions of urine, and retention of the fæces; distortion of the countenance and eyes; twinkling of the eyelids; inability to close the eyelids; at other times, when shut, unable to open them; pupil of the eye dilated and insensible, sometimes contracted, and the iris extremely irritable; profusion of tears; dimness of sight; double vision; hearing acute, or the contrary; the external ear cold to the touch; *bombi* or *tinnitus aurium*; smell deficient; *hemisrania*; vertigo; coldness of the occiput; general chilliness, alternated with flushing; coldness of the feet; cold sweat on the palms of the hands; shivering; sense of creeping on the skin; red spots, or eruptions of the skin, alternating with dyspeptic feelings; bad taste in the mouth; excessive thirst; foul tongue; difficult deglutition; *hydrophobia*; nausea; eructations from the stomach; pain and distention of the stomach; heartburn; *borborygmi*; gripes; sudden dejections; diarrhoea, but more frequently costiveness; *globus hystericus*; a sense of *vacuum* about the region of the stomach, as if disembowelled; pains about the liver, ascending to the shoulder, as in hepatitis; jaundice; pains about the region of the kidneys, and descending to the ureters and neck of the bladder and glans penis; strangury; urine crude, pale, or high-coloured, at one time voided in great quantity, at another time scarce; appetite irregular, at one while voracious, and at another deficient; desire for uncommon kinds of food; sickness at the sight of particular objects and persons; worms; sighing; moaning; sudden laughter and crying; permanent hiccup; cough; sometimes resembling pertussis; sneezing; panting; breathing short and laborious; dyspnoea from particular effluvia; spitting; pervi-

gillum, sometimes for weeks together; sleep disturbed by fearful dreams; *incubus*; palpitation of the heart; uncommon sensibility to arterial pulsation, particularly of the aorta, expressed by saying that they have pulses every where; pulse irregular and intermittent; tremours; convulsions; &c.' Vol. iii. p. 362.

These symptoms are attended with a suspension of the motions of the biliary system, or its irregular action; with doubts, suspicions, jealousies, &c. The treatment merits no particular remark.

'Scurvy,' though it still appear, has lost its destructive power; but Dr. Trotter thinks fresh provisions, and frequent supplies of fresh vegetables, superior to lemon-juice, the constant use of which is, in his opinion, a very debilitating power. The lemon-juice, furnished by contract, is often adulterated with the acetous acid, and sometimes contains the pulp, which renders it liable to ferment. Government mistake in making the contract. *Lemon and lime-juice should be procured in Portugal and the West Indies, and, in each place, combined with calcareous earth. It may be imported in barrels, and, in that state, sent to sea, when the separation of the liquid acid is so easy a process, as to require no trouble; and the medicine will be always in its best state.* Combined with calcareous earth, the acid will remain unchanged for a century; and, with every allowance, two ounces of the acid may be purchased for a penny. Mr. Coxwell's concrete salt succeeds; but the crystallisation is unnecessary for the preservation of the juice; and the injury, which accrues to the fruit in the voyage, is avoided. Should, in the separation, the vitriolic acid be in excess, the medicine is, at least, not injured. Two peculiar symptoms of scurvy in females are recorded *viz.* 'strangury' and 'leucorrhœa.'

Various communications from naval surgeons, of a miscellaneous medical nature, follow. Many of these contain excellent observations detailed with equal judgement and perspicuity. In the Egyptian ophthalmia we may remark, from Mr. Bigges's letter, that bleeding and blistering are not more advantageous than less violent methods: the irritation of the latter seems to be often injurious. He thinks the disease epidemic and periodical. Opium, in large doses on the accession of the evening exacerbation, was very highly salutary.

The 'sick-berth,' and the 'diet of the sick,' we would strongly recommend to every naval captain and surgeon. These subjects cannot detain us.

'Sea-sickness' is well known. Dr. Trotter attributes it to an irritable state of the stomach and intestines, sometimes connected with gouty disposition, occasionally with nervous and dyspeptic habits. It is explained on Dr. Darwin's system, which, however, merely approaches the truth. The principle

on which it depends is motion, in a direction different from that in common use. The remedy is the usual one—keeping on deck, or a glass of brandy.

The last subject is the 'malignant ulcer,' in which we find little new information. It is attributed to a debility of the *vis vite*, in consequence of intemperance, particularly the use of ardent spirits; and the cure chiefly depends on the restoration of the strength and energy of the constitution.

ART. XI.—*Lectures on the Elements of Chemistry.* (Continued from our preceding Volume, p. 294.)

INFLAMMABLES, which follow, afford a proper opportunity of explaining the modern doctrines of combustion, and inflammable air. The first of these introduces a great part of the ærial chemistry, the experiments of Priestley, of Scheele, Crawford, and Lavoisier, with the splendid discovery of Mr. Cavendish respecting the decomposition of water. The whole of this subject is detailed with the most scientific precision and perspicuity. Mr. Watt, it appears, suggested the idea that water is a compound; and the author of this article advanced so near it, in the present journal, that, speaking of inflammable air, and the necessity of water in its preparation, he observed that this would lead us to suppose that water was an ingredient in this air, unless, indeed, water be partly composed of it. In reality, the facts were so far advanced that the suspicion was obvious; but the admirable mode in which it was ascertained can suffer no diminution of credit, had ten thousand others suggested the same probability. The subject of balloons is also introduced; and we find, with peculiar satisfaction, that the reasons which we alleged very early against their probable utility, are the same which Dr. Black, with his usual precision, has urged. We must be allowed, with a conscious pride, to assume this credit, while every witling, every insignificant scribbler, seems anxious to 'shoot his bolt' at a reviewer.

Sulphur is the next inflammable which claims the professor's attention, and charcoal follows in order. On these subjects we meet with little novelty of fact: but Dr. Black explains the chemical properties of each substance with extreme accuracy. From the latter article we shall extract some circumstances not generally known.

'One of the most remarkable properties of charcoal, when recently taken from the fire, is an attraction for a certain quantity of humidity, and for various odorous and colouring matters of different fluids, containing animal or vegetable substances, subject to fermentation or corruption,—as also for the acetous acid.

'We have proofs of its attraction for humidity in many curious

experiments of Mr. Scheele and Dr. Priestley. Although indestructible by heat in close vessels without addition, yet, if moistened, it will yield carbonic acid and hydrogenous gas. This may be repeated by another moistening; and so on, till it is all expended in these productions. This is evidently owing to its strong attraction for oxygen, in which it exceeds all substances yet examined. It decomposes the water,—combining with the oxygen, and thus forming carbonic acid, and thus also leaving the hydrogen at liberty.

‘Its action on odorous effluvia is no less remarkable. If laid (fresh made) on silk or linen gummed or oiled for umbrellas, a preparation which continues to exhale a heavy sickening smell for many years, it will remove it in a few hours. It sweetens bilge water, and all kind of corruption that is accompanied with emission of hepatic ammonia. It clears saline solutions of their colouring matter and rank smells, causing them to crystallize in snow-white purity; and is much used for this purpose in pharmacy; as in the preparation of the *terra foliata tartari*, which was formerly a tedious process, and considered as a test of pharmaceutical dexterity. It removes in an instant the heavy flavour of corn spirits hastily distilled. It clears foul camphor in the sublimation from all fuliginous taints. It sweetens water which has grown putrid by long keeping. It even sweetens meat which has already putrefied to a very great degree. Mr. Cappe at Lille has published valuable experiments on this subject,—as has also Mr. Lowitz, an eminent chemist at Petersburg in Russia. Charcoal is therefore an excellent dentifrice, as very well adapted to the mechanical operation of cleansing the teeth, and still more as the most powerful corrector of all putrescence, which is the chief cause of all disorders of the teeth and gums.

‘The acting principle in these effects is not yet distinctly understood. As they are generally accompanied by an immediate and great increase of the offensive smells, we are led to ascribe its efficacy to its attraction for oxygen, by which most of those gases are set at liberty.

‘Powdered charcoal clears water impregnated with carbonic acid so completely that it no more renders lime-water milky.

‘Charcoal is found to act powerfully in relieving from the pain of heartburn.

‘In consequence of its strong attraction for pure acetous acid, it becomes a powerful agent for concentrating it by distillation. We are indebted for this, as well as for the full confirmation of the last-mentioned chemical property of charcoal, to Mr. Lowitz. After having concentrated this acid as much as possible by freezing, he mixed it with a great proportion of charcoal fresh made, and distilled it till the charcoal was seemingly dry; then, changing his receiver, he obtained from this charcoal acetous acid, in the utmost state of concentration and purity, and which crystallized in a cold little below that of freezing water. This is somewhat of an anomalous fact, because charcoal exhibits no remarkable attraction for acetous acid in a less concentrated state.’ Vol. ii. p. 290.

The chemical natures of phosphorus and of ardent spirits are admirably explained; and under the latter head we find a full

account of æthers, which, in Dr. Black's opinion, differ from alcohol only in containing a proportion of the acid unchanged with the alcohol. Some portion of the acid is decomposed, and a part only of the carbon taken from the alcohol.

The action of the acids, particularly the nitric, on inflammable substances, introduces, not perhaps with strict propriety, the changes operated on sugar, mucilages, &c. by the addition of the same principle. We know that we thus produce an acid with peculiar properties, called, from the substance first employed, the saccharine acid. Almost all the native acids of plants are similar.

Oils are the next inflammables, and their properties are explained with the professor's usual precision. The rancidity of oils proceeds, he thinks, from the vegetable mucilage which they contain, and the oxygen which they consequently absorb. Camphor, as it approaches the nature of an oil, is considered in this class; and we are informed, that it may probably be produced from the wood and leaves of the pimento, or Jamaica pepper. Balsams and resins follow; but it is not noticed that the latter, perhaps the former, differs from the extractive matter of plants, chiefly by containing oxygen, which gives them, in some pharmaceutic operations, properties approaching to acidity. From the remarks on copal we shall select two excellent receipts for varnish.

'When copal is treated with oil of turpentine in a close vessel, from which the vapours are not allowed to escape, they exert a great pressure, which prevents the boiling, and the mixture acquires a higher temperature. A very considerable portion of copal is dissolved; and with the addition of a little poppy-oil, it forms an excellent elastic varnish, inferior to the *vernix Martin* only in a tint of brownness, scarcely perceptible.

'Another good elastic varnish is made of copal, by keeping it melted till an acid or sour-smelling aromatic vapour has ceased, or become scarcely sensible. It must then be mixed with an equal quantity of lintseed oil, which has been deprived of all colour by long exposure to the sun's light. The varnished ware must also be dried in the sun.' Vol. ii. p. 359.

The observations on benzoin offer nothing particularly new. Ambergrise, Dr. Black observes, is probably a morbid production of the physeter macrocephalus; but he adds some facts not generally known, particularly that it sometimes contains calcareous particles, and, in one instance, appears to be formed of concentric layers round a nucleus.

'I am therefore inclined to suspect that it is a morbid concretion, formed in some part of the alimentary canal of that animal, or in some cavities which communicate with it, in the same manner as the gallstones are formed in other animals.

'We may further add here, that substances remarkable by a strong odour, are produced in a similar manner in several animals. Such are musk, civet, and castor. And there is in dogs a similar matter, which has an insupportable heavy smell; and in insects of different kinds, as bugs, &c.

'That ambergrise, though an animal production, must be considered as a balsamic or resinous substance, appears from its properties. It has an aromatic odour, and it is volatile by heat, though not so volatile as aromatic oils. It is also soluble in alcohol. Its general appearances, however, more resemble those of the bitumens.

'Musk, civet, and castor, cannot properly be called either oils, balsams, or resinous substances. They are animal concreted juices, prepared by secretion; but they contain an aromatic oily principle, which gives them their odour, and which rises in distillation with water.' Vol. ii. p. 361.

The ground-nuts, *viz.* the seeds of the *arachis hypogaios Americanus* of Ray, afford a good oil, which keeps well; and from the clean seeds of hemp an oil scarcely inferior to butter may be procured. The bitumens are the next subjects of inquiry; and to this part we think much might be added from Mr. Kirwan's very valuable essay in a late volume of the *Irish Transactions*. Coal, Dr. Black thinks, is generally of a vegetable origin. His reasons we shall transcribe.

'1st. Great rivers, in different parts of the globe, are well known to carry annually vegetable matter into the sea, especially those which have a long course through immense uncultivated tracks [*tracts*] of the earth's surface that are overgrown with wood, as some of the great rivers of North and South America, Africa, India, and the Russian territories. Great rivers necessarily have a great part of their course through level countries, through which they make many serpentine turns. And they are constantly undermining their banks in some of those turns, and occasioning wood, leaves, moss, and other vegetable matters, to fall into their stream. Some of this matter floats for a long time, until it be so thoroughly soaked as to sink to the bottom. But while it floats, it is carried down to the sea, and perhaps afterwards to a very great distance, by tides and currents. Sometimes it runs aground in the shallows that are at the mouths of such rivers, and gradually forms islands in those shallows, as at the mouth of the *Mississipi*; but the greater part is carried out to sea. Great quantities of timber are found floating in the northern seas, on the coast of Iceland and Greenland, and the north coast of Russia. All this, after floating some time, must sink to the bottom. In Iceland there is a large bay which is always full of floating wood, and supplies the inhabitants with fuel.

'2dly, The very circumstance of coals being formed into strata is strong in favour of this opinion, as we have the greatest reason to be satisfied that all strata have been formed of matter carried into the sea. But, besides, we find these strata of coal always intermixed with other strata, which have been manifestly formed in the sea, as sandstone, limestone, and clays of various kinds.

' 3dly, In some parts of the world, among strata of the same kind with those which commonly accompany coal, are found strata manifestly composed of wood, even trees compressed and compacted together, so as to form strata, bearing some resemblance to those of coal, but in which the wood retains so much of its original structure and shape that it cannot be mistaken. There is an example in Devonshire, called *bovey coal*; and a stratum of fossil wood in the north of Ireland.

' All these reasons, therefore, leave little room to doubt of the origin of pit-coal in general, although, in many varieties of this bitumen, the first contexture of the materials has been so much abolished by immense compression, and the penetrating and dissolving powers of water and heat, and other causes, that we hardly find any remains of it. It is probable too that many strata of coal have been formed of other vegetable matter, as moss or peat,—carried into the sea during a long course of time, by rivers which have their course through extensive tracks [*tracts*] of the earth's surface, abounding with bogs and moors.' Vol. ii. p. 384.

The remarks of the editor on peat are truly valuable; and, though long, we think our readers will receive them with gratitude.

' I cannot but think that peat, or the black moss of the moors, is an approximation to coal. Peat is not found in many places; and no where abounds so much as in Scotland and Ireland. It is by no means enough for the formation of peat that the place be a wet marsh, abounding in vegetable matter. In the immense districts of Europe and America, such situations are common; and we have impassable morasses and swamps of vast extent, but these are not filled with peat, nor is the mud which fills them very inflammable. Accustomed to the bogs of Scotland, and little informed in natural history, I was much surprised at not finding similar situations in the Canadian woods without peat; and this made me examine with attention the matter contained in those bogs. Even where the vegetable remains were very abundant, and constituted almost the whole mass, I found it very little inflammable, and altogether unfit for a fuel. And what I took particular notice of, the smell in burning was altogether unlike the smell of burning peat. This is quite peculiar to peat. I never saw peat in any part of North America, except in the neighbourhood of Louisburg,—and there it was but a very scanty mixture of peat-earth with the moorish soil.

' While the smell of all burning peat has a character by which it may always be known, there are considerable varieties; and these varieties seem to me to be super-additions to the distinctive smell of peat. This is considerably like that of the most inflammable lean coal, and still more like to that of jet, but not near so offensive. The blackest, hardest, heaviest peat, when the matter is almost an impalpable pulp, is the most inflammable, and leaves the smallest quantity of ashes. This kind of peat has the heaviest sickening smell. Such is the peat at Canisbay, in the north extremity of Scotland, just by John-a-Groat's house. This, when dried, is so fine in its texture as to break with a sort of polish, like a jasper. Its smell in burning is

not very distinguishable from that of cannel coal. The smell of the best Dutch turf, which is taken up from the bottom of salt water, resembles that of the peat now mentioned very much.

‘I am inclined to think that a certain juice is necessary for the formation of a bog into peat. Perhaps this juice is the primitive bitumen. I suspect also that it is always accompanied by vitriolic matter. Peat ashes always contain a very great proportion of iron. I have seen three places in Russia where there is superficial peat moss, and in all of them the vitriol is so abundant as to effloresce. One in particular, hard by St. Peterburgh, shews it every morning on the clods, when the dew has dried off.

‘Peat mosses form very regular strata, lying indeed on the surface; but if any operation of nature should cover this with a deep load of other matter, it would be compressed, and rendered very solid; and remaining for ages in that situation, might *ripen* into a substance very like pit-coal.’ Vol. ii. p. 736.

The metallic substances follow, and the general properties of metals are detailed with great precision and perspicuity. As arsenic is so often combined with the ores, and is, in some degree, a connecting link between metals and acids, this body is first considered. Arsenic is metallised by heating it in a tube, with three times its weight of black flux. If, in this state, it be put between two plates of copper, and heated to a dull red heat, a degree which will volatilise mercury, the copper will be whitened. If this metallised substance be evaporated on a hot iron, it will exhale the odour of garlic. A single grain of arsenic may be discovered in this way, if the process be conducted with care. Dr. Black prefers mucilages to oil, for persons poisoned by this metal, and promotes its passage downwards by a saline purgative. The peculiar effects of arsenic, left after the inflammation, are those of extreme weakness.

A short sketch of metallurgy follows, and then the metals are considered very nearly in the order of their faculty of calcination, *viz.* magnesium, (manganese), iron, mercury, antimony, zinc, bismuth, cobalt, niccolum, (nickel), lead, tin, copper, silver, gold, and platinum.

Manganese affords an excellent opportunity for explaining the nature of the oxygenated muriatic acid, and its compounds. Of manganese itself, we have chiefly the account of Scheele; with the few additions which Berthollet and others have made. Dr. Black suspects that it attracts azote from the air; and this is rendered probable by an observation of Seguin, who found manganese to yield azotic gas in low heats.

‘Iron’ is next considered in its full extent, in a chemical, an oeconomical, and a medical view. If we found this article defective, it was in some of the later improvements in the manufacture, and the melioration of the worse sorts. We believe, however, from our recollection, that the omissions are neither numerous nor important.

The article on 'mercury' is peculiarly extensive, judicious and valuable, in every point of view, except (what we should particularly wish) a medical one. In examining the action of nitrous acid on this metal, we here first find an account of nitrous air, and the gaseous system, which, thus delivered in distant parts of the course, though occasionally illustrating, with peculiar force, the subjects to which they are appended, lose much of the advantage that their mutual illustration might afford. They display too the inactivity of the author, which prevented him from recasting the whole,—a task that the altered face of the science required. We shall select his observations on the use of the eudiometer, premising only, that Dr. Black is speaking of M. De Saussure's instrument, described in his *Voyages dans les Alpes*, p. 514.

'I am persuaded that this apparatus is more useful than the expensive and fragile eudiometers consisting of tubes and stop-cocks. But when I reflect on the unavoidable differences in the proportions of the ingredients of nitrous air extemporaneously prepared, and on the different propensities of ordinary water to absorb or emit elastic fluids, I cannot think that these eudiometrical experiments are a proper foundation for any accurate judgment of the salubrity or unwholesomeness of airs. And I should be sorry to see much dependance had on them. I have always considered them as too delicate for the hand of any person but a judicious chemist, perfectly at leisure. The odds of ten or twenty grains in 1740, is an error from which it would be difficult to secure ourselves. Yet even this is a very great part of the greatest differences that have been observed. It is also very inaccurate to consider this experiment as a test of the wholesomeness of air, and to call the instrument a eudiometer. Chemically speaking, it only measures the quantity of oxygenous gas contained in every air. We know very well, that the commixture of some exhalations, particularly of flowers of the lily kind, in a quantity too small to be perceived by such a test, gives the air a power of affecting some of our organs in a way which, though not immediately deadly, is yet extremely prejudicial to good health.

'Accordingly, the experiments made to examine the goodness of air by employing nitrous air, do not always agree exactly together, even though made with the same airs and materials, and the same apparatus. And when we wish to be exact, it is necessary to repeat them several times, and to take a medium of the results. And when we choose to compare two portions or specimens of atmospheric air with one another, the experiments for this purpose should always be made at the same time, and in the same place, and with the same nitrous air recently prepared; experience having shewn that nitrous air is sensibly different in its quality, as it is prepared at different times, and in different places. This is now understood to proceed from the more or less violent change which the acid suffers when we are preparing the nitrous air. A part of the acid always undergoes the changes you have seen; but a small portion of it is completely decomposed, the whole oxygen being taken from it, and then what remains of this

portion is azotic gas, which cannot be brought back to the state of nitric acid by simple mixture with respirable or vital air. There is only one way by which we can bring it back to the state of nitric acid, or convert it into that acid, that is, by mixing three measures of it with seven measures of vital air, and then promoting the union of the two airs, or their action on one another, by a strong heat, or by repeated flashes of electrical fire, in the manner practised by Mr. Cavendish, in the course of those curious and important experiments which I have frequently referred to as the great support of the new chemical doctrines and discoveries. Now, when metals are dissolved in nitric acid, some small portion of the acid is, as I said just now, so totally deprived of oxygen, that it is changed into azotic gas; and this happens more or less according to the violence, rapidity, and heat, with which the dissolution is performed; and therefore the nitrous air which we get, turns out different on different occasions, by its containing different quantities of azotic gas, and being more or less fit for the examination of the wholesomeness of respirable air.' Vol. ii. p. 524.

We find nothing particularly interesting that can be copied or analysed in the chemical details. The medical information, on the subject of this metal, occurs in the notes, and consists of the table, with which Dr. Black's pupils are well acquainted, with a few improvements, illustrated with notes by the editor.

Antimony, on the contrary, is chiefly of importance in a medical view, though used occasionally in different metallic compositions. The principal remedy which this metal offers is the emetic tartar, tartrate of antimony; and, in this preparation, our author seems to prefer the pulv. Algarotti, though, in describing the preparation afterwards, the vitrum antimonii is not considered to be so uncertain in its preparation as to be objectionable.

The four next metals, zinc, bismuth, cobalt, and nickel, offer little that is new or peculiarly interesting. As lapis calaminaris is known to differ, when procured from different mines, which Dr. Black, even at that time, suspected, his proposal of using only, in medicine, a prepared calx is highly proper. Zinc oxydates very readily in the Galvanic pile.

Lead is described at greater length; and the properties of its different preparations are more distinctly detailed. White lead, from Dr. Black's account, is not a pure oxyd, but, in some measure, a carbonat; and plumbum corneum, a muriat of lead melted with a gentle heat, is said to be the best astringent the author knows. The lead-glazings are liable, in the professor's opinion, to be dissolved by vinegar. In this, we suspect, Dr. Black has rather been guided by common suspicion than by experiment. In some of the coarse earthen ware; we did not find the slightest solution after vinegar had remained on it twenty-four hours, in a warm place; and we have not found vinegar lose its acidity in pots made of cream-coloured ware.

Tin affords many preparations of great value and extensive use. The editor suggests that Dr. Black has omitted the stannic acid of Hermstaedt, and it has anticipated the remark we had purposed to add to this chapter, that the professor has passed slightly over the acid nature of many of the metallic calces: indeed he scarcely notices that of arsenic. The preparations of tin are generally known; but the following remarks appear uncommon.

‘A metallic mixture, which has the beautiful whiteness of fine silver, is made of tin and bismuth. It is probable that copper or iron may be easily tinned with it. I suppose some of the iron work of chariots is whitened with it.

‘I have already observed that the calx of tin is employed for the composition of white enamels. It is a mistake in the writers on this subject to say that the pure calx of tin is the proper basis of this composition. It must contain a minute portion of lead, or the flux used with it must contain lead, otherwise it will make only a semi-transparent white. Montamy, who has written the most accurately, and indeed excellently, on enamel painting, gives minute directions for the preparation of this article, because it is used with almost every colour, in order to give to each its proper intensity. It is a most tedious process, so that the article must bear a very high price. He prescribes pure tin; but then his *fondant*, or *flux*, with which it is diluted, is *crystal d'Angleterre*, which is our flint-glass, containing lead. The common white glazing used for the cover of Delft ware is a much cheaper composition, being merely the calx of pewter carefully made, and often having an admixture of arsenic. Tassie's medallions are made of this, with a little magnesia,—with flint, and minium, or flint-glass, for a flux.

‘Tin is very rarely produced by nature in its pure and metallic state; and there is no great variety of its ores. Only one kind is found in plenty. And no part of the world abounds with it so much as Cornwall. There is an exact register kept there of the produce of the tin-mines, and it appears that the average of twenty years has been about 3000 tons weight a-year.’ Vol. ii. p. 630.

Tin is most effectually purified from arsenic by distilling it with sal ammoniac. As a lithontriptic, it seems to act mechanically. The arsenic, or the lead it contains, has been, at different times, said to assist this effect; but so variable are the proportions of these metals, and so little is the tin corroded, that neither probably has any share in the operation.

Copper, silver, gold, and platina, are next very fully examined, and their properties explained with peculiar precision and judgement: but though, on each subject, we find a degree of scientific discrimination which we should in vain seek in the most distinguished works, since in each process we find remarks of peculiar value; yet in no part of the subject are they such as we can, within our limits, detail or comment on. One particular in the processes on metals we may mention, which

is the sudden and unexpected appearance of violent heats, without the presence of oxygen. These are owing to the latent heat escaping. We remember, a few years since, some experiments were detailed at a meeting, we believe, of the Royal Society, in which combustion was said to take place in *vacuis*. A chemist of distinguished eminence suggested, that, before this could be established as combustion, the remainder after the process should be examined. We have heard no more of the experiments, and may therefore judge of the result of the examination. So, in these instances, there was no increase of oxygen; in many, a deficiency; and, from the other changes, it was evident that the increase of temperature was owing to the separation of the latent heat; for no oxydation took place.

Of the newly-discovered metals, molybdænum, tellurium, chromum, tungsten, uranium, and titanium, the editor tells us that he found no account in Dr. Black's MSS. We well know that he seldom spoke of what he had not himself examined; and increasing infirmities, perhaps indolence, prevented his engaging in so many new inquiries. This is to be regretted; for, if he had not added to our knowledge, he might have corrected the early crude ideas of other authors: if he had not given fresh light, he might have rendered the existing light more clear and more steady. These are the great merits of the present Elements. They not only offer opinions on numerous important subjects, but these opinions are delivered in such a manner as to improve our minds, and lead us to think for ourselves. They also preserve the memory of some old excellent chemists who were hastening to oblivion. The new chemical system of the French philosophers resembles the genius of the Arabian Nights Entertainments: when introduced, he is a vast cloud of smoke which obscures every object, till the vapour condenses into a regular form, which alone engages attention. It should be the business of every chemical inquirer to show, that, though this genius may stand pre-eminent, he is not the only object in the creation; though *he* may be a giant, there are still men of extraordinary stature and powers.

The last chapter is on water: but on this subject little seems to have been added for many years, except the experiments on the Geyser. It is a bold and scientific outline, but it is no more. Of the notes we have already spoken; and of the whole, which we have minutely examined, we cannot add stronger marks of approbation, than the degree of attention paid to it.

ART. XII.—*Anecdotes of the English Language: chiefly regarding the local Dialect of London and its Environs; whence it will appear that the Natives of the Metropolis, and its Vicinities, have not corrupted the Language of their Ancestors; in a Letter from Samuel Pegge, Esq. F. S. A. to an old Acquaintance, and Co-fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Rivingtons. 1803.*

This posthumous letter is written with singular spirit and humour. Its object is to show that the dialect of London is the only uncorrupted English: or, if corrupted, that its corruptions have merely risen from an attempt to render it more musical, or from the accidental changes inseparable from an oral tongue.

‘I do not, sir, contend for the strict legitimacy of our language; for the provincial branches of it are not all by one common parent. Thus, for instance, if you would seek for the terms and expressions of the northern people of England, it will be in vain to ransack the British tongue, which fled with the natives into the fastnesses of Wales: for the northern dialect (Scotland included) is for the most part *Saxon*. On the other hand, it would be as fruitless to search in the Saxon forests of the north for the language of the western counties of England, which (except by transplantation) is of British growth. In Kent and Sussex, and the immediate southern counties (coast-wise at least) our pursuit may be directed in a great degree to *Gallicisms*, in point of idiom as well as words: and lastly, in London (the great Babel of them all) every language will be found incorporated; though that of the true cockney is, for the most part, composed of *Saxonisms*. The Danes left us some traces of their language, though it is but a dialect of that extensive tongue, which, under the different names of Teutonical, Gothick, Celtick, &c. &c. was known in every region of what is called *the north of Europe*. As to the irruption of words from the southern parts of the continent, we have the French which came in with the Conqueror, and continued in full force, so long as our law pleadings ran in that language, and our statutes were penned in it. From Italy we have gathered a few words (not a great many), introduced perhaps first by the Lombards, then by nuncios who came hither from the pope, and by ecclesiasticks who were perpetually scampering to Rome before the Reformation; to which may be added other words imported by our merchants trading to Italy and the Levant.’ P. 4.

This view of our language is not perhaps strictly correct. In the west there are some traces of the Cumraig, or the Irish Gaelic; and in the north, the Saxon is not the exclusive source of the vernacular dialect. Yet, on this point, it is not easy to speak with accuracy, since we have so few provincial glossaries. We have often expressed a wish that our various dialects might be rescued from oblivion, while yet in existence. Even at this moment they are gradually vanishing; and, unless the last vestiges be speedily caught, it will be in vain to seek for them

hereafter. Independently of the dialects, the metaphors should also be preserved (one of these occurs to us while writing). In the late popular play, 'The Soldier's Daughter,' to '*rap or rend*' is a phrase employed for procuring a thing by any means. The words should be *rip or rind*, a metaphor taken from *barking* (ripping and rinding) trees. A similar one we lately met, equally *corrupted*, thus, 'more and mould.' It means entirely eradicated. *More* is *root*; and the phrase implies torn up with such violence, that the earth (*mould*) is separated with the *more*.

One other remark we would add, that there are few provincialisms which do not lead to the etymology. This is certainly true with respect to the names of places, and it is true also in other terms. It is brought to our recollection by a word noticed in page 70, '*poticary* for *apothecary*: the etymon of the latter may be *apotheca*; but this is not the old word, which is evidently derived from *botica*. Mr. Pegge labours to discover the derivation of the word *cockney*, which he thinks is from the participle of the verb *coqueline*, to fondle or pamper: *coqueline* may be softened by pronunciation to *roquené*. 'The king of Cockney,' in the old ballad, evidently meant the lord mayor of London, not the king of England.

We should, with much pleasure, enlarge on this letter, which has greatly entertained us, and affords many valuable remarks on the old English language, were not various works, that equally claim our attention, in arrear. We must content ourselves therefore with this general commendation, and conclude our article with one of the shortest specimens that we can discover among such as are characteristic of the work in general.

'As to the word in question viz. *went*, I shall now produce evidence of its descent from an ancient family of the name of *wend*, which Dr. Wallis allows to be the primary ancestor. *Went*, says he, is derived "ab antiquo *wend*." From this infinitive is naturally formed *wended* (or the irregular Saxon termination *wenden*), both in the preterit and the participle, which is as easily corrupted into *wented*, as *wented* is contracted to *went*. We have many other similar past-tenses and participles, such as, *sent* from *send*;—*lent* from *lend*;—*bent* from *bend*, &c. Shakspeare uses *blent* for *blended*. This old verb *wend* was formerly very respectable, and well known to Chaucer, Lydgate, Spenser, Shakspeare, and others; but, not to trouble you with minute quotations at length, I dare believe that you will be content with the following references (thrown into a note), wherein the verb will be seen in various situations *.

* * They *wend*. Prologue to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, and in various other places in his works.

' Doth *wend*. Comedy of Errors.

' Shall *wend*. Midsummer Night's Dream.

' Did *wend*. Howell's Letters, 1621.

‘ I shall now crave leave to mention two or three involuntary mistakes among the moderns, though I confess to have despaired of ever seeing the participle *went* seriously used in written language since the commencement of the eighteenth century.

‘ Dr. Radcliffe, in a letter dated 1714, wherein he vindicates himself from the charge of not attending queen Anne in her last illness, says that—“ had he been commanded, he would have *went* to the queen.”

‘ In the translation of baron Puffendorff's Introduction to the History of Europe published (with a continuation), by the late Mr. serjeant Sayer, A. D. 1748, you will find the following passage—“ Portugal, considering how many families have *went* from thence to Brazil, is pretty well peopled.” Could I persuade myself that the learned serjeant had adopted the word *went* on any degree of conviction, I should think it an obligation; but I am rather of opinion that it crept in by a slip of his own pen, or from rapid dictation to his clerk, after having just parted with a cockney client.

‘ To come a little nearer to the present moment, I shall add the words of a very good writer of a few years standing, and now alive (no matter who), in whose works I have discovered a similar hasty escape, where he tells us of a calamity which some republick or other—“ had under*went*.”

‘ Let all this, however, pass without farther comment, as arising from rapid writing or dictation, and allow me to throw in an anecdote. When Dr. Adam Littleton was compiling his Latin Dictionary, and announced the verb “*concurro*” to his amanuensis, the scribe, imagining that the various senses of the word would, as usual, begin with the most literal translation, said—“*concur*, I suppose, sir;” to which the doctor replied peevishly—“*concur*! *condog*!” The secretary, whose business it was to write what his master dictated, accordingly did his duty, and the word *condog* was inserted, and is actually printed as one interpretation of “*concurro*” in the first edition, 1678 (to be seen in the British Museum), though it has been expunged, and does not appear in subsequent editions.

‘ Upon the whole of this article, sir, the word *went* appears to be fit for a cabinet; as it was not minted in a die of yesterday, nor is it abased, or cast in sand. It has the true, old, and genuine mint-mark upon it; and is a relique which would have been lost to the curious, had not the dialect of London preserved it with so much care.’
r. 234.

‘ *Wende*. Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. Old Plays, 2d edition.

‘ *Wendeth*. Chaucer's Text of Love. Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

‘ *Wend* you; imperatively. Comedy of Errors. Measure for Measure Tanner of Tamworth, in the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

‘ *Wend* we; imperatively. Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1626, among the Old Plays.

‘ The *wending*. Chaucer's Troilus and Crescide.

‘ Is *went*. Chaucer's Testament of Love.

‘ *Wentest*. Milton, Par. Lost. b. XII l. 610.

ART. XIII.—*Anthropopaideia* [Anthropopaideia], or a Tractate on general Education. By Andrew Cowan, M. D. 2 Vols. 12mo. 8s. Boards. Wynne and Scholey. 1803.

TREATISES on education have issued very frequently of late from the press; but very little improvement in the art itself seems to have originated from them. What has been practised is the law for daily practice in our great schools and seminaries; and an outcry is raised against every suggestion of improvement as an alarming innovation. The principle of this work will meet with no quarter; it attacks the fundamental article of public education; it would establish pleasure, not pain, as the basis of all instruction. What is to be done with the magisterial terror which inspires awe in every beholder? what is to be done with those arms of discipline which are wielded with such apparent delight by the active, and felt with such agony by the suffering party? where are the pleasures of our play-grounds—the broken chins, the bloody noses, and the fagging of the junior boys, to take refuge? All, all are banished by this author, who denies that they can be necessary; who conceives that a lad may be allured to instruction, and that he may be brought to his lesson with the same ease as he is led to his sports.

The author received his education in Columbia college in America, and these notions may be pardoned in one who knew nothing of the system practised on this side of the Atlantic. Yet, allowing his first position to be good, we cannot deny him the credit of reasoning very justly from it; and there is scarcely an instructor of youth who may not derive some advantage from a perusal of his thoughts. There is an originality which pervades the whole of his work. He seems to feel as he writes, and to view the creature man as formed by education, not only for the next immediate stage of existence, but for one that may continue through endless ages. His principle, therefore, if it can be applied to childhood, is equally true in the state of manhood: pleasure, not pain, must become the great object of political governors; our penal laws must undergo revision; and future generations will wonder that their ancestors should seem to have taken delight in using the violence of force, when gentle and pleasant measures would have produced a tenfold greater effect.

Let the author speak for himself—

‘The business and aim of education is now evident, according to the system here delivered, and is entirely reduced to this one simple precept,—so to regulate the emotions of pleasure and pain that the greatest vigour and energy may be imparted to the mind. This view of education appears to me to be as just as it is original; it shall, therefore, be constantly kept in view throughout the course of this

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work, and shall regulate our estimation of the various means which are used to cultivate and improve the human mind. Before, however, we investigate and appreciate the various means used in the cultivation of the human mind, according to the degrees of pleasure or pain which accompany them, it will be necessary to enquire into the nature of these emotions themselves, and to trace the effects which they tend to produce upon the mind, without at all considering the means by which they are produced, except they are immediately connected with the subject. In infancy and childhood the emotions of pleasure and of pain are very active, though of a kind different from those of manhood and old age. The pleasures and pains which actuate the minds of children and infants, are those alone which exert their influence upon the organs of sensation. The mind is, at this period of life, incapable of receiving pleasure or pain from general ideas, because such ideas are then unknown. As the faculties of the mind, however, begin to exert their influence, the mind, from her own exertions, and from those ideas which she alone can form and embody, becomes capable of receiving the emotions of pleasure and pain. The influence of mere sensation, in exciting these emotions, gradually diminishes, and the enjoyment which it causes arises more from the action of the mind, excited by sensation, than from the sensation itself. The greater the power and energy which the faculties of the mind attain, the greater will be the influence of the mental emotions of pleasure and pain, and the less will be those immediately derived from the senses. From this truth we derive many useful conclusions with regard to the proper modes of actuating the human mind in its states of advancement towards perfection. In order to actuate, in any manner, the minds of children, a different method must be adopted from that by which we would influence the minds of men. The emotions of pleasure and of pain can only, as we have already observed, be excited in children through the medium of the senses. The inefficacy of all other means, except such as operate directly upon the bodily organs of sense in actuating the minds of children, has obliged those to whose care their education has been entrusted to have recourse to bodily punishment, or bodily gratification, in order to stimulate the infant mind to exertion. But the conduct of those who act without any principle at all, which, indeed, is the case with almost all mankind, must always be uncertain, and very generally pernicious. We cannot, therefore, suppose that the usual modes of actuating the infant mind, employed by parents and tutors, are adapted to promote the best effects; on the contrary, a minute examination of their nature must convince us, that they are highly detrimental. The influence of education, as it is at present conducted, tends almost universally not only to pervert and weaken the intellect, but also to corrupt the heart. To excite to action any living creature whatever by pain and torment, while we have it in our power to produce the same effects by pleasurable excitement, seems too absurd and too detestable an idea to enter into the mind of man. It seems, therefore, useless to enter into a serious refutation of such absurd conduct. I shall only endeavour, therefore, to shew, that effects might be produced by the emotion of pleasure, at least equally powerful with those resulting from pain, and incomparably more beneficial to the mind.

A being, altogether unacquainted with man, would be not a little astonished to hear, that all the links of human society, except those which bind a very few refined minds, are almost entirely, modifications of pain, even from infancy to old age. Such is the mode by which, not only children, but all mankind, have ever been influenced. It is the fear of the tyrant, alone, that renders the people obedient. The influence of this conduct has, in all human affairs, a most pernicious consequence over the heart of man.' Vol. i. p. 49.

The present state of education is analysed with much judgment; and there is too much truth in the concluding reflexion upon it.

'That part of the community which is intended to fill mechanical occupations in life, are rarely sent either to great schools or the universities. They receive that small portion of education which is thought absolutely necessary for the exercise of their profession, in petty schools. Here they are only taught those particular branches of learning, without which they could not properly exercise their employments. Reading, writing, and a few rules of arithmetic, compose all the stock of their school education. The advantages resulting from such a partial instruction must be extremely limited. Not one single act or faculty of the mind becomes thereby perceptibly strengthened, indeed often they are evidently weakened. The proportion of individuals who are educated in this manner, in what is called refined society, is very considerable. But there is a still greater number who receive no education at all. Of this last description are the menial servants: those employed in the lower kinds of labour, and almost all the females of the poorer orders. The parents are here incapacitated for educating their children, and the government has cruelly overlooked and neglected them.

'From these few observations we may form a pretty good estimate of the state of education and knowledge in what is termed refined and polished society. The very small portion of the community who receive a regular systematic education, have their mental powers but partially exercised and cultivated, and at the same time frequently perverted. Those again whose education is yet more limited, can scarcely be said to derive any advantage from it. While the very large proportion of society who are altogether deprived of culture, are perhaps in a worse situation than if they had remained in their original state of nature.' Vol. i. p. 167.

No circumstance escapes our author. A very material thing, and in which we concur entirely with him, is the disposition of light, so that the young eye may be enabled, by its means, to form ideas with precision. In this the politics of our country interfere, and much evil arises from an injudicious method of increasing the revenue. The habitations of the poor are hence ill calculated for the purpose:

'Their windows are in general much too small, and frequently obscured by dirt. This defect however requires only to be known, and its consequences properly appreciated, in order to produce a reforma-

tion. But there is another obstruction in the way of improvement of more moment which we must mention, though with pain and regret. I allude to the restrictions laid by some governments upon the use of the light of heaven. In Great Britain the inhabitants are obliged by law, to pay a very heavy tax to obtain permission to enjoy the light of the sun, and the poor householder is not exempt from this burden. There is, indeed, one apology, which every individual must admit, in favour of this destructive instance of arbitrary governments, namely, ignorance of the pernicious effects arising from it; but if we admit this excuse in behalf of a tax upon light, we must, if we act consistently, pardon all the false and improper measures, which they ever have or may hereafter take; for the same apology may be made for all.

‘I have frequently observed in the houses, not only of the poorer orders of society, but also in those belonging to persons of wealth, and even affluence, that the quantity of light admitted was barely sufficient to enable the families to perform their necessary household duties; and the cause, as I have almost universally found, is the tax upon light. Indeed, the affluent and wealthy cannot excuse the darkness of their habitations by urging the heaviness of this detestable tax with the same propriety as those involved in penury and want. But even the wealthy and affluent should never be obliged to divert their property, perhaps the product of their own industry and labour, from the beneficial purposes, to which they would otherwise apply it, to ends at best pernicious and destructive. The poorer classes are sincerely to be pitied. Few, if any, of those, whose business and duty it is to think and provide for them, possess either the power of mind, or the benevolence of heart requisite for this most important trust. Let no person dispute the truth of this assertion, when he considers, that the tax upon light tends directly to debilitate the human mind. The evil may, perhaps, be thought not so great in reality as I have here represented it, but I will assever, in the most solemn manner, that I have often seen habitations rendered perceptibly obscured by the shutting up of windows occasioned by the tax upon light. That such an abode, when used as a nursery for children, must greatly debilitate their minds, and sour their dispositions, will appear evident from the reasoning already adduced.’ Vol. i. p. 192.

We could, with pleasure, make many copious extracts from this work; for in every part there is a fund of instruction, that may be of use both to the teacher and the statesman. The remarks on the excellence of music, its use in exciting devotion, and the evident defects from the want of it in one sect of Christians, show an intimate acquaintance with the subject, and deserve the peculiar attention of that sect, as well as of others who have a repugnance to instrumental music in their places of worship.

‘It is sincerely to be lamented and regretted, that the truly respectable sect of quakers should forbid the cultivation and practice of music in their society; and it is wonderful that the effects which already have resulted from this prohibition, have not yet convinced

them of the impropriety and pernicious tendency of their unreasonable prejudice against music.

‘Such indeed are the effects produced by the total neglect of this divine art among the society of friends, that the tones of their voice in conversation can hardly be endured by any person of a nice and delicate musical ear. But if the tones of their voice in conversation, when the mind must in a particular manner be excited by the emotion of pleasure, are so very harsh and discordant; in reading and public speaking, when the heart is less pleasurably excited, they must be truly disgusting. This observation is fully verified by daily experience. If the founder of this religious sect had been possessed of true political cunning, we might have been disposed to believe, that his conduct in abolishing and prohibiting the cultivating and practice of music, was not altogether without design.

‘From the neglect of this art, the quakers are incapacitated for fulfilling any public capacity, which requires the ability of exciting and rousing the passions of men. Hence this sect is excluded altogether from every kind of political authority, which depends chiefly upon the power over popular eloquence. The religious ceremonies of this sect also, by being performed in language debased by vulgar use, possess little power over the imagination. Their silent meetings indeed are much more favourable to the exercise of this action of mind, in case she is previously stored with proper images; the education of the friends, however, tends rather to weaken and pervert the imagination, than to strengthen and direct its energies.’ Vol. ii. p. 97.

The system of education that generally prevails, has been made the subject of great complaint: it may be the time to try the effect of gentler methods; and if any one who is entrusted with the education of youth should be of the same sentiment, he will find, in this work, sufficient reasons to justify his conduct, as well as much encouragement to proceed in it, and many useful hints that may be made very serviceable to himself and his pupils.

ART. XIV.—*The Poetical Register, and Repository of Fugitive Poetry, for 1802. The second Edition. 8vo. 9s. Boards, Rivingtons. 1803.*

THE preceding volume of this *Poetical Register* was noticed in our Second Series. This continuation has an equal value. It differs, however, from the former volume, in the omission of those scraps of ancient poetry, which formed an incongruous and misplaced admixture; in the omission of those notices of poems in the press, which are sure to be advertised to satiety elsewhere; and in the omission of biographical notices of deceased poets—an article which we regret, and which, if conducted with propriety, would have formed a valuable, as well as interesting, appendix.

The Register may be considered as filling up that place in English literature, which the too-splendid and costly Annual Anthology attempted in vain to occupy. It is not, we think, superior in the merit or equal in the abundance of its original materials; but the poetry has a more habitual and popular cast, and is collected from a more numerous and various set of contributors. The original matter occupies 180, and the compiled matter 240 pages. This borrowed or fugitive poetry, as it is here called, is selected, in several instances to our knowledge, without the permission of the authors, from other separate or periodical publications, to which they had chosen to give a preference. The honour of popularity is, however, in common cases, an indemnity for the encroachment of plagiarism; but where long poems are copied, the hospitality shown them is more indelicate than flattering.

From the original poetry we shall select an ode by miss Bannerman, entitled the Fall of Switzerland.

‘ Ye mountain-forests proudly wave,
Your shades have nurs’d the good, the brave,
And stretch’d o’er many a patriot grave
Its solitary canopy.

‘ Ages have roll’d, and suns gone down,
Helvetia, o’er thy high renown,
Since Freedom spurn’d all other crown
Than Nature’s hoary diadem.

‘ Hide, Valour, now thy blighted fame
When o’er thy cliffs the Spoiler came,
With banners red, and arms of flame,
And clarions shouting hollowly;

‘ Then o’er thy glacier-summits cold
The trumpet-knell of Freedom toll’d!
Where glory now thy chiefs of old
To stem the tide of slavery?

‘ Victor so long—to arms! to arms!
Hands that the pulse of Freedom warms!
Again thro’ carnage and alarms
Unfurl the flag of victory.—

‘ Ye patriot legions charge—repel—
Fall freemen as your fathers fell!
Here shall your blood’s impetuous swell
Proclaim your glorious ancestry!

‘ —Victor no more!—yield, Valour, yield
Thy sacred arms and shatter’d shield,
And humbled on thy chosen field,
Await the chains of tyranny.—

- * —Master of Fate!—Thy laurels hide,
No glory beams where Freedom died:
Tear from the Gallic standards wide
The insulted crest of Liberty.—
- * Beneath that sign, in ages rude,
Hath many a band of freemen stood,
O'er hills of ice and fields of blood,
To charge the invading ravager!
- * They fought—they fell—ye sons of fame,
You blush not for your country's shame;
Could not your deeds and victor name
Redeem her holy solitudes?
- * What echoing plain, what mountain hoar,
Heard not your storm of battle roar?—
That trump is hush'd—to sound no more,
That led the free to victory!—
- * Yet, Freedom, o'er thy lost abode,
Which many a godlike foot hath trode,
What heart shall trace thy trophied road,
Nor burn to 'venge thy destiny!—' p. 56.

'There are several fine war-songs in the volume.
From the fugitive poetry we shall extract an anonymous
translation from the Italian of Monti. The subject of this
sonnet is a young lady's taking the veil.

- ' A holy zeal the lovely soul o'erpowers,
And bids Licoris to the cloister fly;
Forth from her eyes serene a lustre showers,
Soft as descends the paradisial sky.
Love vanquish'd, piqued, in idle ambush lours,
Stamping his broken arrows angrily;
On the shorn hair, discrown'd of bridal flowers,
Weeping lies scorn'd and trampled Liberty.
Blithe Pleasure, too, his spangled garment shook,
Offering the spicy cup, the fragrant wreath,
And beckoning to the silky-curtain'd nook.
With bitter smile the damsel meets his look,
Closes the holy gates, and proudly saith,
"The keys in keeping I consign to Death." p. 285.

To the poems succeed very concise reviews of the principal
recent publications in verse, which are more praise-full than
praise-worthy. We doubt not that this work will become in its
progress more select, and less dependent on other publications
for assistance.

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RELIGION.

ART. 15.—*A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of London, in the Year 1803, by the Right Reverend Beilby, Lord Bishop of that Diocese.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1804.

THE learned prelate, in the former part of his charge, expresses his fears that the return of peace, and the consequent free communication with the continent, might open a door to general infidelity among us, as well as to those several vices which have been more daringly practised by the French republic and her dependencies since the time of their shaking off the wholesome restraints of religion. Under this persuasion, his lordship recommends strongly to the clergy of his diocese a double portion of watchfulness in their pastoral capacities: that they should press upon their congregations the fundamental doctrines and holy obligations of the Christian faith, with devout and solemn earnestness; exerting all the powers they are possessed of, in endeavours to fortify their minds, by every religious principle, against the many new temptations, both to apostacy from their faith and the dissoluteness of manners, by which, in consequence of this event, they might possibly be assailed. The worthy prelate then proceeds to remind them, that it is not only their duty to be vigilant on this single account, but also in order to support the credit and consequence of our national church, against the ignorant abuse of the itinerant enthusiast, and the more formidable attack of the learned sectary. On this head his lordship advances some very pertinent observations.—

‘About twenty years ago we were told, in a variety of publications, written by men of considerable talents, dissenting from the church of England, that all ecclesiastical establishments were unchristian and pernicious things; that they were a check to all liberality of opinion, all freedom of inquiry, and hurtful to the interests of morality and religion. It was contended, that if we could once see a great nation emancipated from these fetters upon the conscience and the understanding; if we could see it nobly extricating religion from all connection with the state; refusing all support to any favourite communion, any privileged church; shewing no kind of distinction whatever to any one sect of Christians, but leaving them all to provide for themselves as well as they could; we should soon see the happy effects of such a generous and rational system; we should see such a scene of liberty, of peace, of harmony, of virtue, of happiness, of pure morality, and genuine religion, as was never before witnessed in the world.

‘ It has so happened, my brethren, that this so much wished for experiment has actually been tried : it has been tried in our own times, in two great countries, in the republic of America, and in the republic of France. In the former, all the ecclesiastical establishments which subsisted in the southern provinces have been destroyed ; all public provision and protection withdrawn from the church of England ; and the episcopal clergy left principally to the eleemosynary contributions of their congregations. And what has been the consequence ? Has religion obtained a more powerful and more extensive influence over the inhabitants of those states ? Are their churches better frequented, their morals improved, and (as we were taught to expect) piety, virtue, and happiness, diffused universally throughout the land ? No one, I apprehend, who is well acquainted with the present state of that country, will affirm this to be the case. Had so propitious and so remarkable a change taken place, it would scarcely have escaped the notice of so many travellers as have lately visited that continent, much less the observation of their own writers, who would very naturally have dwelt with no small degree of triumph and exultation on a circumstance so honourable to their native land. But nothing of this sort has, I believe, as yet appeared. On the contrary, we are told by a writer of credit, who lately travelled over a considerable part of that country, that in one of those southern provinces, where the ecclesiastical establishment has been destroyed, “ many of the churches are falling into decay ; and in one of the principal towns, divine service is not performed more than once in two or three weeks ; that very little regard is paid by the people in general to Sunday ; and scarcely any sense of religion left upon their minds.”

‘ If we now turn our eyes to France, the facts are still more striking, and the conclusion arising from them becomes infinitely more forcible.

‘ In the convulsions which so long agitated that wretched country, the antient religious establishment, as well as the antient government of the kingdom, were completely swept away, and involved in one common ruin. Did this produce in the smallest degree a purer mode of religion, or a purer system of morals ? It ended, as we all know, in such a depravation of both as is not to be paralleled in the annals of any other Christian country. And so sensible were the governing people of that country themselves of the fatal mischiefs arising from the annihilation of the national religion, that to prevent the total dissolution of all those bonds that unite men together in social order and civil subordination, and the utter extinction of every principle of virtue, honour, and common honesty, they found it indispensably necessary to restore the religious establishment of their ancestors in some degree to its antient state.’ p. 11.

The latter part of the charge is occupied in recommendation of Sunday-schools, and such other cheap modes of instruction as may be employed for enlightening the minds of the poor. Here he encounters the objection brought forwards, and at times by the ecclesiastical bench itself, against instructing the lower orders of the community, from a danger of their becoming hereby disaffected and unsa-

tished, by instancing, very happily, the different conduct of the poor in England and Ireland during the perilous situation of the British empire; hence clearly demonstrating that ignorance, and not expansion of intellect, is the parent of anarchy and sedition.

ART. 16.—*The Character of the Christian Teacher delineated, and the Means of forming it represented, in a Discourse delivered at Hackney, January 8, 1804, for the Benefit of the academical Institution at Exeter; and published at the Request of the Congregation. By Thomas Belsham. 8vo. 1s. Johnson. 1804.*

The mode of faith professed by Mr. Belsham in this discourse, is contrary to the tenets of the established church; but his style and language are entitled to our praise. Without being influenced by their weight, yet equally without time to urge our objections, we candidly confess that the arguments here used evince great firmness and manly zeal; and the Christian teacher, as described by Mr. Belsham, would be an honour and a benefit to any communion.

ART. 17.—*The Impolicy and Impiety of Sunday Drill considered. 12mo. 3d. Ogle. 1804.*

A fervid and pious attempt to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath, which however, perhaps, in this instance, is strained to its height; for if the labouring man be to be taught his exercise at all, how, after all, is it to be done, unless on a Sunday? His poverty cannot spare, from the provision for his family, a part of any other day, even with the pittance allowed him by government.

MEDICINE.

ART. 18.—*Observations on the Constitution of Women, and on some of the Diseases to which they are more especially liable. By Sayer Walker, M.D. &c. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Boards. Robinsons. 1803.*

Did we wish to be hypocritical, we might observe, that this work is too scientific for a popular treatise, and too superficial for a medical publication. Yet into whatever class of readers it may fall, we think that every one will be pleased, and the greater number instructed by it. It contains much good sense and many valuable observations; while the whole is detailed in a style so familiar, and at the same time so accurate, that few can misunderstand or be misled. If we found any subject less exactly detailed, it was the convulsive diseases of the puerperal state. The author treats of them rather as chronic, than as acute, maladies; allowing time for thought and the effect of remedies, rather than requiring the most immediate and active exertions. In general, he seems not to trust sufficiently to opiates. He mentions with reluctance, a 'slight anodyne;' and, in the puerperal fever, he seems equally afraid of the bark. We know not, indeed, that this remedy is strikingly or peculiarly useful; but, at the conclusion of the disease, it is sometimes necessary. Among the symptoms of this fever, he has omitted two forcible, and we think pathognomonic ones—*viz.* a *tensive* pain over the forehead and a peculiar wildness of the eyes.

ART. 19.—*An Appendix to Practical Observations on the Nature and Treatment of the exasperated Symptoms of the Venereal Disease. Containing Thoughts on the Nature and Management of the Venereal Bubo, particularly in its obstinate State. By Edward Geoghegan. Small 8vo. 1s. Dublin. 1803.*

The object of this Appendix is the treatment of buboes, which Mr. Geoghegan considers sometimes as critical, and as an outlet for the poison; and, in most instances, he is inclined to regard their appearance, even in the worst state, as not requiring mercury. In these positions we believe he is, in general, correct; yet we should prefer meeting the poison in an early stage in the constitution, to the pain and inconvenience of such irritable and often intractable sores.

ART. 20.—*A concise and systematic Account of a painful Affection of the Nerves of the Face; commonly called Tic Douloureux. By S. Fothergill, M. D. &c. Small 8vo. 3s. sewed. Murray. 1804.*

Dr. Fothergill, in this little work, collects all that has been said on this painful disease, though he gives little satisfactory information respecting the cause or the cure. Indeed, the only probable source of relief is the division of the nerves. Even this relief, it is said, is temporary alone; and that, when the nerves re-unite, the pain returns; but we have every reason to believe that the nervous influence is not conveyed through the callus, and, should the fact be true, the return of pain must be attributed to the increased energy of the smaller, possibly the anastomosing, branches.

Our author styles the disease *faciei nervorum morbus crucians*. We should prefer *dolor hemifacialis*, as shorter, and more expressive. Dr. Fothergill is inclined to think it resembles the *bemicrania*; but the latter is a feverish complaint, and the paroxysms are often ushered in by a marked attack of fever. The *hemifacialis* is wholly local. Where the principal branch of the fifth pair has been properly divided, we have not found any return of the pain.

ART. 21.—*Discourses on the Management of Infants, and the Treatment of their Diseases. Written in a plain familiar Style, to render it intelligible and useful to all Mothers, and those who have the Management of Infants. By John Herdman, M. D. 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed. Longman and Rees. 1804.*

We have before met our author in the walks of science, and have seldom found much to commend. The present discourses are more correctly written than his former works; but, with much flimsy declamation, we find little novelty, and scarcely any information of value. The author begins his journey rapidly: he sets off in a canter, and scarcely looks around either to view the objects he passes, or those before him. He is angry, for instance, with the nurses and midwives, because all the children are treated in the same manner. We must have 'more sure and infallible ground, than either experience or reason; for nurses, who rest on experience, only treat all children the same. What is this ground? it is to be found in the fixed established laws of nature'—'in the sure unerring principle of instinct.' Yet animals, guided by this *unerring* principle, never do vary in their plans.

In short, 'thou, Nature, art my goddess' is the author's motto; and he brings together all the absurdities ever practised, as his theme. We find only one instance of novelty, one deviation from the common practice of intelligent people—the new-born infant must not be washed—Why?—the filth may be designed to keep him warm, and washing irritates! Excellent logician! as if the hardened mucus, which is allowed to scale off, would not irritate much more, or cotton cloth not be equally warm with filth.

We find much of the common cant, respecting the health and strength of the children of savages. They are certainly, from many causes, born with firmer constitutions; but the reason why we see none weak or crooked, is, that no weak child can bear the severity to which they are exposed. Those we behold, are strong: we know not how many die.

In that part which relates to suckling, we have much vague unmeaning declamation. We should suppose, from it, that mothers scarcely in any instance suckled their own children. The exceptions, on the contrary, are peculiarly rare. The first discourse has only yet appeared: the titles of the several intended essays we shall add.

'Of the Management of Infants during the Periods of Nursing and Weaning.—Of the Causes, Symptoms, Nature, and Cure of Infant Diseases.—Of the Contagious Diseases of Infants.—Of the Management of the Mental Faculties and Passions.'

POETRY.

ART. 22.—*The Thespiad, a Poem: dedicated to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. M. P. &c. In Answer to the Author of Six Familiar Epistles, addressed to Frederick Jones, Esq. Patentee of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, &c. on the present State of the Irish Stage. 4to. 2s. 6d. Hurst. 1804.*

The author of the *Thespiad* complains, and with some reason, of the liberties taken by the writer of the *Six Familiar Letters* with the characters of many deserving performers on the Dublin stage.

'Having always had a passion for dramatic amusements, and being much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, I humbly conceive that I am in some measure qualified for the task which I have zealously undertaken; and though I may be inferior to the pseudo-critic in Hudibrastic versification, and indiscriminate sneering censure, I hope to evince that I have more philanthropy in my nature; not meaning any thing sarcastic or injurious against any of the characters delineated in my poem; and that my pen is neither dipped in the gall of envy, nor impelled by personal pique or malevolence.' P. i.

The share of praise which our author assigns to himself, we leave him in possession of—but greater, we are sorry we cannot bestow; for perhaps the writer of the *Letters* is now indulging the idea, that to have no more powerful an opponent amounts to little short of a triumph.

ART. 23.—*Specimens of the early English Poets; to which is prefixed an historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the English Poetry and Language. The third Edition, corrected. By George Ellis, Esq. 3 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. Boards. G. and W. Nicol. 1803.*

Of former editions of this work we have already spoken*; and the republication has received those minuter corrections and accomplishments which the accurate taste of the author was so likely to bestow with assiduity. His introductory historical sketch comprises much of what is to be found in Warton concerning the English poets, and gives to several statements additional precision. The history of poetry, the origin and course of the favourite fables and forms of composition, is comparatively neglected by Mr. Ellis, whose plan rather concerns the artists than the art.

We have some doubts about the position laid down (vol. i. p. 2.), that our English is a compound of the Anglo-Saxon and of the Norman-French. Was the Anglo-Saxon ever a vernacular language in Great Britain any where? Its grammar is so artificial, complex, and classical, in its forms, that it has much the appearance of being a dialect of the schools, a language of the learned; and it resembles those continental dialects into which the Lombard missionaries translated the Gospels—the Frankish, the Mæso-Gothic, and other variations of the High-Dutch or Upper-Dutch; whereas all our provincial dialects, from Middlesex to Northumberland, bear a much closer resemblance to the Low-Dutch or Nether-Dutch. That such a language as the Anglo-Saxon could, in any circumstances, dissolve and separate into our vulgar English, seems impossible; particularly when it is considered, that, where the analogous languages prevail, no such loss of inflections and dissolution of structure has taken place. We suspect that the Anglo-Saxon was in England what the German is at Hamburg—within reach of the understanding of every educated person, the language of literature and of polite conversation, but never the native idiom of the people at all. The Gothic population of Britain is long prior to Hengist and Horsa. The Caledonians of Agricola were Goths. The eastern counties were denominated already by the Romans *the Saxon shore*. Boadicea and the Iceni were probably Goths. It is likely, therefore, that the present national or vulgar English is a far older dialect in the island than either the Anglo-Saxon or the Norman-French; and that it has only enriched itself occasionally out of those two court-dialects, without ever giving place to them.

The origin of rime ought to have been better discussed than at page 36. The first Latin rimes remaining are those of St. Augustin against the Pelagian heresy: probably this form of composition had been resorted to for its diffusion. Latin rimes, therefore, began in Wales, and were borrowed from the practice of the Welsh bards, whose oldest poems are all rimed. From page 40 onwards, the information compiled appears to us as sound as it is neat. The author announces a Series of Specimens from our early Metrical Romances: he will then have completed a sketch of our poetical antiquities.

* See our Second Series, vol. xxiii. p. 44.

We trust these specimens will be incorporated in a complete argument or account of the story, of the romances rifled. Unless the stories be given entire, the book will be useless to future poets as a mine of fable.

ART. 24.—*Carminum raviorum Macaronicorum Delectus, in Usum Ludorum Apollinarium. Fasciculus secundus.* 8vo. Neill and Co.

ART. 25.—*The Wife of Auchtermuchty: an antient Scottish Poem, with a Translation into Latin Rhyme.* 8vo. Neill and Co.

It is sufficient to announce these ingenious *nuge*, the latter of which arose from the former, as it was suggested that the Doric beauties of *The Wife of Auchtermuchty*, one of the poems which it contained, would be lost to future readers, since the dialect is already obsolete. The translation is elegant and humorous; but the poem is not sufficiently familiar in this country to render an extract interesting.

The other production is an humorous *diploma* for the degree of doctor, by William Meston, whose works are now out of print. Humour, however, of this kind has been exhausted by Molière and Foote. The present poem is, nevertheless, in a somewhat different style, and not without merit.—Another *fasciculus* of macaronic verses is, we find, postponed for some years.

ART. 26.—*A short Account of John Marriott, including Extracts from some of his Letters. To which are added, some of his poetical Productions.* Small 8vo. 3s. 6d. Boards. W. Phillips. 1803.

From the biography prefixed to these poems, it appears that John Marriott was born at Edgend in 1762, and died in 1797, leaving a widow and a child. From his mother, who was a distinguished preacher among the quakers, he imbibed a very pious and sanctified turn of mind, which occasionally imbalsms his poetry, and perpetually his letters, from which many extracts are here given. To his friends and acquaintance this volume will be dear, and to others edifying. Among the most pleasing and successful efforts, may be classed the following Ode to Philanthropy.

‘ Mild shone the vernal evening bland,
And scarce a Zephyr sighed,
When thus to hail my native land,
In patriot strains I tried;
“ What bliss, unrivalled soil, is thine!
What charms on every side combine!
Hark what accents strike mine ear!
‘ Plenty, plenty triumphs here;’
Hill and valley, wood and plain,
All proclaim fair Freedom’s reign;
Genius and taste thy sons endue;
And O, ye matchless nymphs, what beauties bloom in you!
“ Nor less the virtues grace thy youth,
The virtues all are thine,
Untainted honour, artless truth,
And charity benign;

Where else arise such kind abodes
 For all whom fell Disease corrodes ?
 Lo, the gates wide open stand,
 Enter in, afflicted band !
 Science there with potent balm,
 Waits each throbbing pang to calm.
 O, ne'er avert thy partial smile
 Philanthropy divine, nor quit thy favourite isle.

" What nation else so nobly pleads
 The cause of injured right,
 So execrates inhuman deeds
 And arbitrary might !"
 Scarce had I spoke, when o'er my view
 A sudden veil soft Slumber drew ;
 Sinking on a flowery bank,
 Underneath a willow lank,
 By a shrilly-tingling sound
 Sweetly lulled, I pressed the ground ;
 But Fancy, still attending kind,
 With many a fairy form amused my wondering mind.

" What means yon cloud with skirts so bright,
 Slow moving o'er the hill ?
 The sun has long withdrawn his light,
 And every gale is still ;
 Perhaps it bears some courteous sprite,
 That comes to set the wanderer right,
 And, with kindly-streaming rays,
 Cheer the dark and tangled ways,
 Till again the lunar beam
 Light the wood and gild the stream :
 Or rather, of empyreal race,
 Some friendly power descends, on embassy of grace !"

" Near and more near the vision drew,
 Till o'er my head it hung ;
 Prone on the green-turf, at the view,
 My trembling limbs I flung :
 But soon a voice, more softly clear
 Than fairy-songs, dispelled my fear ;
 " Rise, behold the friend of man,"
 Thus the angelic voice began,
 " Lo, I come with softened light,
 Tempered to thy weaker sight ;
 Fear not, for ever by my side
 Benevolence, and Peace, and Liberty abide."

" I looked—and lo, in white attired,
 A female form inclin'd,
 Whose looks the expanding heart inspired
 With love of purest kind ;
 Yet in those looks was plainly seen
 A deep regret that preyed within ;

Sudden from within the cloud
 Harmony celestial flowed ;
 Shapes cherubick round me played,
 Heavenly fragrance filled the shade,
 While thus the power, in accents mild,
 Philanthropy the sweet, Religion's duteous child.

" When Interest first, and Discord dire
 Usurped the mental throne,
 From heaven's blest bowers, the Almighty Sire
 In pity sent me down ;
 But ah ! in vain I fondly strive
 To keep the sparks of love alive :
 Pride, impatient of control,
 More and more obdures the soul ;
 Avarice vile, my deadliest foe,
 Daily finds her empire grow ;
 And oh, I see with grief sincere,
 Still foremost in her train Britannia's sons appear !

" See where on Afric's groaning coast
 The nation praised so high,
 (Say wilt thou yet that nation boast ?)
 Their fellow-mortals buy :
 Exiled from all that gladdens life,
 Friends, parents, country, children, wife,
 Seest thou not the drooping band ?
 Lo, they drag them to the strand !
 Now the breeze distends the sail ;
 Hearest thou not the frantick wail ?
 Happy if on the watry way
 Each stifled wretch expires, to sharks a destined prey !

" Turn next to eastern climes thy view,
 Ah, climes remote, in vain !
 Even there thy sons, oh Albion, too
 Pre-eminence maintain ;
 But 'tis in frauds, felonious feats,
 But 'tis in Rapine's blood-stained seats :
 Lo, wherever the strangers tread
 Grim Extortion rears his head ;
 Rape and Murder swell the train ;
 Ravenous Pillage sweeps the plain ;
 While close behind with tyrant scorn,
 Fell Famine taunting points at Plenty's ransacked horn.

" Yet these are they whose boundless worth
 Leaves all applause behind ;
 These are the enlightened of the earth,
 The bounteous and the kind ;
 Yes these are they, who, void of shame,
 The nicest sense of honour claim :—
 Burst, ye winds, your rocky caves,
 Whelm their treasures in the waves,

That the glittering, guilty spoil
 Ne'er may reach their natal soil,
 To shut corrupted judgment's door,
 And say to injured right, 'Submit, for thou art poor.'

"But now adieu, I haste to know
 If yet one breast remains,
 Which like my G***'s the exalted glow,
 The zeal humane retains."
 She ceases—lo, she fleets away,
 "Ah, yet awhile, celestial, stay:"
 Vain my prayers, along the skies
 Swift the lessening glory flies;
 Faint and fainter fast it grows;
 Now the last, last glimpse I lose:
 Yet still it shines in Fancy's eye,
 Still on her listening ear the ethereal accents die.' p. 147.

There is, however, in all this, little of propriety and less of originality. The language is smooth and beautiful, culled from the best masters, and arranged with the usual cadences; but the thoughts make little impression, either by their novelty or force. In short, it is of that every-day poetry which it is meritorious to learn to write; because that implies a cultivation of the finer feelings, and bestows a command over the phraseology of the language; but which it is not meritorious to choose to publish; because this implies an opinion that such poetry will assert a rank in art, and will secure for the author, in a national point of view, the favour and distinction which he probably merited in the narrower circle of his native neighbourhood.

DRAMA.

ART. 27.—*The Sailor's Daughter: A Comedy, in five Acts. Now performing at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Lackington, Allen, and Co. 1804.*

This comedy is in no respect equal to the expectations which we form of a play from the hand of Mr. Cumberland. Unimportant as was Cherry's Soldier's Daughter to the stage, our author seems to have thought it worthy of rivalry; yet has he by no means been fortunate in measuring his poetic lance; for the present drama certainly does not excel, and perhaps falls short of the former. Captain Clareville, when dying, intends his daughter to be the wife of Sentamour, a brother-captain in the navy—a hero who will not take a woman who shall wed from a principle of duty, unless her inclination accompanies it. The following scene will declare his sentiments, and is a favourable specimen of the dialogue.

'Sent. Now, shipmate, here we are in Bath, and in this street, at the golden mortar, dwells Hartshorn the apothecary, on whom I have a design, in which, friend Lindsay, you must assist me. So, be prepared.

'Lind. I hope I shall be always prepar'd to obey the commands of captain Sentamour.

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'*Sent.* Spoke like a seaman, and a seaman's friend—I presume you notic'd the conversation of a communicative gentleman in the mail-coach with us, who talk'd much about a certain Julia Clareville, whom he call'd the beauty of Bath. He gave us a list of her admirers, but insinuated that a young man of fashion, a Mr. Varnish, was the favour'd lover. In that lady's fame and fortune I am most particularly interested.

'*Lind.* So indeed you seem'd to be.

'*Sent.* Yes, sir, Julia Clareville is the orphan daughter of a naval hero, who was a father to me, when I had neither parent nor friend on earth to help me. She is now as destitute and dependent as I was when her father protected and supported me. Can there be a duty more sacred than I owe to her, the relict of my benefactor! None; and the reflection how imperfectly I have fulfill'd it weighs heavy on my conscience: but my country call'd me forth, call'd me to distant seas, detain'd me there, possess'd me wholly. — How could I obey two calls, as wide asunder as the poles.

'*Lind.* You have fulfill'd the greater duty.

'*Sent.* And have not absolutely neglected the lesser. I have kept off indigence: she has not felt those wants, that money could supply. I wou'd now do more; I would look into her heart, and convince myself how far the virtues of her father have been infus'd and foster'd in her bosom.

'*Lind.* You will have opportunity for that.

'*Sent.* 'Tis that I am contriving. She lodges with this very Mr. Hartshorn, to whom you are recommended as a partner in his house and business. Your person is unknown to him, and my project is to pass myself upon him in your character, for the purpose above mentioned—you smile, Lindsay. I can read your thoughts. You think my project is ridiculous.

'*Lind.* Romantic perhaps; you cannot be ridiculous.

'*Sent.* Hear me. I want your name for little else than as an introduction, and you know we hold it fair to reconnoitre under false colours, tho' not so to engage. Do you conceive me now, or shall I open myself farther?—I would not approach her as Sentamour, because I would make no claim upon her gratitude; I would not purchase an opinion from her by money, by worldly prudence, or even by filial duty and obedience to her father's wishes. If she prefers Varnish, and he honourably proposes, let her marry him: as Lindsay, I obstruct her not; as Sentamour she shall never know me. Now have I explain'd myself?

'*Lind.* Clearly. Your motives are, as they ever will be, noble and ingenuous. But Sentamour is a gallant captain, Lindsay an humble surgeon; how can you assume a character so opposite to your own?

'*Sent.* For the moment only. I don't mean to make up medicines, nor pass an examination with your intended partner. Hartshorn is a brother-seaman, and a worthy fellow: if he finds me out, he will not betray me; and I have reason to know he will neither be offended with me for the imposition, nor with you for acquiescing in it. Does this content you?

'*Lind.* Perfectly.

'*Sent.* Now then for the golden mortar — up anchor, and away!'

The issue of the piece is such as it might be expected. Julia, very dramatically, falls suddenly in love with the supposed Lindsay, and is, in due time and place, informed that he is no other than her father's own Sentamour. The squabble between Hartshorn and his wife would be no ornament to a farce.

ART. 28.—*A Dramatic Synopsis, containing an Essay on the political and moral Use of a Theatre; involving Remarks on the Dramatic Writers of the present Day, and Strictures on the Performers of the two Theatres.* By Thomas Gilliland. 8vo. 4s. sewed. Lackington, Allen, and Co. 1804.

We barely announce this farrago of criticism, in which there is something to commend and much to censure. Mr. Gilliland, after praising some persons and blaming others, informs us that the remainder are reserved for his *next*, and that want of room prevents him from saying more *at present*. From these expressions we rather expect a continuance of numbers, than another single publication. The reader shall have our opinion of the merits of this performance when the author has completed it.

NOVELS.

ART. 29.—*The Pride of Ancestry, or Who is She? A Novel.* By Mrs. Thompson, Author of *Excessive Sensibility, &c.* 4 Vols. 12mo. 16s. Boards. Parsons.

This is an entertaining little novel, in the style of Mrs. Smith: Gower and Godolphin are at least twin brothers. The plot (except to experienced eyes) is artfully, perhaps artificially, involved, and unfolded with sufficient skill; while the different under-parts are properly subservient to the principal. On the whole, the work is sufficiently interesting to retain its rank on the shelves of the circulating-library, the acme probably of Mrs. Thompson's ambition: a very few only of these passing spectres arrive at immortality.

ART. 30.—*A Peep at the World; or the Children of Providence. A Novel.* By Harvey Sinclair. 3 Vols. 12mo. 12s. Boards. Parsons.

The adventures of the hero and heroine of the present work are beyond the common boundaries of events—somewhat beyond the limits of probability. The 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' and the changes of fortune, are often truly wonderful. Yet, with every thing to elevate and surprise, we were not greatly interested in the fate of the Children of Providence. There is a strange inconsistency in the whole, which disgusts the reflecting mind; and there is too little of what speaks to the heart to beguile Sensibility of a tear.

ART. 31.—*Adolphe and Blanche; or Travellers in Switzerland.* By E. F. Lantier. Translated from the French. 6 Vols. 12mo. 11. 4s. Boards. Badcock.

In the last Appendix of our Second Series, we gave a general view of these volumes, and had intended a fuller account when the work appeared in an English dress. The numerous claims, however, on

our attention, will prevent our enlarging on the subject of the translation, and we can only speak of the merits of the translator.

In general, his version is executed with fidelity, but with little spirit or elegance: it is correct, but tame. Many of the quotations are omitted, and those retained are not translated. This is an unpardonable error. As the translation is designed for those unacquainted with the original, the spirit derived from the quotations is lost. The Latin quotations are in every part suppressed: their extent was not so great as considerably to enlarge these very thin volumes; and one excuse only occurs to us for the omission, which the editor, by a strange inversion of ideas, calls an 'improvement.' The whole of the history of Switzerland is also suppressed; and this we suppose a very capital improvement. The 'ablest critic of the age,' however, who is supposed to have countenanced all these improvements, has thought it right to refuse his fiat in the confirmation.

ART. 32.—*The Barons of Felsheim; a Romance. From the French of Pigault Le Brun, Author of My Uncle Thomas, Monsieur Botte, &c.* 3 Vols. 12mo. 12s. Boards. Lane.

We have been highly entertained with these volumes. The bustling *étourderie*, of Brandt; his honesty, his fidelity and affection; render him so interesting a personage, that the hero and even Baltide are secondary characters. Brandt is, however, a copy only of Corporal Trim; but in more difficult situations, with more activity and superior resources. We, indeed, scarcely lose him for a minute; and when he is not on the stage the drama languishes. The conclusion is not equally interesting, and the character of Sophia hangs heavily. All the author's spirit and exertions are exhausted in his favourite. The descriptions are rapid, animated, excellent. We are hurried involuntarily along: we can ask no questions, and sometimes scarcely dare to breathe.

ART. 33.—*Fate, or Spong Castle. By Maria Vanzee.* 12mo. 3s. Boards. Parsons.

The tale of a secluded prisoner in a dungeon in Germany, found in an iron chest in Yorkshire!—It begins well, and we become interested for the hero. The letters of his wife are also, not unhappily, introduced. But here commendation must end: the incidents are highly improbable, and the author soon becomes indifferent. Unvaried woe soon fails to interest us. The language is in general pleasing, and, as it should be, unornamented—

'Et Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.'

MISCELLANIES.

ART. 34.—*Paris as it was and as it is; or a Sketch of the French Capital: illustrative of the Effects of the Revolution with respect to Sciences, Literature, Arts, Religion, Education, Manners, and Amusements; comprising also a correct Account of the most remarkable national Establishments and public Buildings: in a Series of Letters, written by an English Traveller during the Years 1801-2, to a Friend in London.* 2 Vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. Boards. Baldwin.

We have copied the whole of the title, as it gives a fair and com-

plete view of the contents of these volumes. It is, however, a tale so often told, that genius and spirit must unite to give it zest, or render it interesting. Our author possesses neither, in any eminent degree; and, while we give him full praise for his fidelity, we must own that his descriptions have more than once lulled us to sleep. We shall copy no part of the work, as we have just surveyed the same objects with a much more entertaining traveller, Mr. Holcroft.

ART. 35.—*The Fashionable World displayed. By Theophilus Christian, Esq. Small 8vo. 3s. 6d. Boards. Hatchard. 1804.*

Mr. Christian takes up the *beau monde* in the light of a distinct race of people, and describes their particular customs, &c. as he would do those of Utopia or Lilliput. There is a keen irony displayed through the whole, that evinces the author to be a master of satire. But his severity is not of the malicious kind. If people of fashion would be prevailed upon to listen to his reproofs, their manners would be better respected by men of sense, and themselves become more faithful servants of their Creator.

ART. 36.—*A Letter to Francis Jeffray, Esq. on certain Calumnies and Misrepresentations in the Edinburgh Review; the Conduct of certain Individuals, on the Night of Mr. Thelwall's probationary Lecture, at Bernard's Rooms, Edinburgh; and the Ignorance of the new Critical Junto of the simplest Elements of English Composition and English Grammar: with an Appendix, containing Outlines of a Course of Lectures on the Science and Practice of Elocution. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Edinburgh. 1804.*

ART. 37.—*Observations on Mr. Thelwall's Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review. 8vo. 2½d. Edinburgh. 1804.*

There was a period when propriety and decorum so far prevailed in critical tribunals, that the decisions of one were treated respectfully by others; and the disputes which will sometimes arise between an individual reviewer and an author, from a different opinion of the merit of a work, were passed over in decorous silence by the rest, or with a general view of the grounds of the dispute. The age of this mutual and respectful concession is at an end; and when the cry opens, each mongrel is ready to follow, to share in the spoils, or at best to gratify malice—perhaps envy. Engaged in this task while the conduct of our brethren was more liberal and praiseworthy, we shall not, in our *third* lustrum, deviate from it. We shall therefore announce these publications with a few general remarks. Mr. Thelwall considers himself as ill treated, by the Edinburgh reviewers having stepped, in his opinion, out of their way, in order to criticise a work not regularly advertised; and that with an acrimony apparently personal, rather than from any demerit of the work. The ostensible editor is also accused of being the chief of a party determined to condemn Mr. Thelwall's lectures, when they were delivered in Edinburgh. Mr. Thelwall's expostulation is warm and acrimonious: the reply is milder and more pointed. The latter has no author's name, but apparently proceeds from Mr. Jeffray, whose justification of the Review seems to us, in some points, satisfactory. Its appearance is, on the whole, candid and pacific;—and here we trust the controversy will end.

ART. 38.—*Newton refuted: a geographical, nautical, mechanical, and mathematical View of the Universe.* By W. Parker. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Robinsons. 1804.

It is with some regret that we found it impossible to follow our author through a series of mistakes, which a few diagrams would have in a moment detected. He often reasons correctly, but, from some deviation from the truth in his positions, his conclusions are absurd and ridiculous. In fact, as we have said, he cannot be confuted without a series of diagrams; but, with the slightest mathematical and geographical knowledge, his errors are at once obvious.

ART. 39.—*An Essay on the Construction, Hanging, and Fastening of Gates, exemplified in Six Quarto Plates. Second Edition. Improved and enlarged.* By Thomas N. Parker, Esq. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Lackington and Co.

An improved edition of an excellent little work, which we warmly praised in our number for June, 1802. It is now greatly improved, by the addition of some excellent plates illustrating the construction of gates, and some additional observations.

ART. 40.—*A View of the moral State of Society, at the Close of the Eighteenth Century. Much enlarged, and continued to the Commencement of the Year 1804. With a Preface, addressed particularly to the higher Orders.* By John Bowles, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Rivingtons. 1804.

This is a re-publication of a part of a larger work, which we noticed, at the time of its publication, in the thirty-first volume of our Second Series. It then included, also, the 'political state of society.' There are numerous additions to the part which is retained, that in general claim our approbation. Though we differ from Mr. Bowles in some political views, notwithstanding that late events bring us nearer to a coincidence, we cannot differ on the great subject of morality.

ART. 41.—*An Inquiry into the Rot in Sheep; and other Animals; in which a Connection is pointed out between it, and some obscure and important Disorders, in the human Constitution.* By Edward Harrison, M.D. &c. 8vo. 2s. Bickerstaff. 1804.

This little pamphlet contains a very clear and scientific description of the disease of which it treats, as well as a judicious inquiry into its source. The flukes discovered in the liver are undoubtedly the effects, not the cause of the disorder, which is clearly marsh miasmata. Ground covered with water is not injurious, and ground quite dry is equally innoxious. It is that moistened state which enables it to absorb oxygen from the air, that produces the disease. To this there is one exception, viz. that calcareous earth in a humid form is harmless. In this, and every other respect, the analogy between the effects of marsh miasmata, in producing the rot in sheep and remittents or intermittents in man, is singularly striking. The following facts are not, we apprehend, generally known.

'According to professor Vibourg, the cow-pox has been found to protect sheep from the rot, which he calls the sheep-pox infection.

In Hungary too, as we are informed by Dr. De Carro, several proprietors have lately vaccinated their flocks, with the same expectation. I am inclined, however, to believe, that both these gentlemen confound the rot with the true *claveau des moutons*, which is a febrile and eruptive disorder. This complaint bears a strong resemblance to the small-pox, and probably is to be superseded by cow-pox inoculation. The *claveau*, as the term is used in this country at least, is vague and indefinite. It comprises the scab and rot, or *pourriture*, as well as the febrile disease properly denominated *claveau*. These are very different affections, and ought not, as I conceive, to be included under one general appellation.' p. 24.

ART. 42.—*Ἀνθρωπῶν λανθουσινος*; or a Pedestrian Tour through Part of the Highlands of Scotland in 1781. By John Bristed. 2 Vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. Boards. Wallis. 1804.

As this short tour of fifteen days supplies sufficient materials for two octavos of no inconsiderable extent, what would have been the result of a voyage to India, or to New Holland? It is impossible to ascertain; for the adventures in the journey, though singular, fill a very small part of these volumes; and the reflexions which they immediately suggest are not of much superior bulk. The greater portion might have been written in an elegant drawing-room, instead of a hedge ale-house, subject to insults and suspicion—in danger of starving, or being sent to a prison.

These gentlemen—*viz.* the author and his companion Mr. Cowan—chose to visit the Highlands in the disguise of sailors, to see human nature uncultivated, unrefined. The result was, that in every place they were treated with insult and contempt: their only relief they owed to gross flattery and illiberal meanness—(in their own elegant style, 'bothering')—and that relief was only the worst accommodations that filth and poverty could bestow. In the event, during the last day of their journey, fatigue and famine had nearly prevented their publication, by terminating their lives. They indeed saw human nature without disguise; but we believe they wish not to see it again.

In a pedestrian tour, it may be at least supposed that the prospects around would be surveyed with peculiar advantages. The traveller neither depends on his post-boy, the roads, or his carriage. Yet of the country we have no particular or discriminated description; no account of prospects which other travellers have not surveyed, except in one short passage, where they lost their way. But what could be expected from men sinking under fatigue and hunger, resting uncomfortably in the worst beds, worn out with pain and distress?—for such is their own description of their situation and feelings. Indeed, their figures, in the coloured plate, do not represent them in a very interesting or a respectable view.

They travelled as American sailors, and were anxious to display the advantages of the new continent, in a style approaching very nearly to democracy, and certainly such as would encourage emigration. We might perhaps ask, if this were a hospitable return for the kindness they profess to have received in Great Britain, did not the frequency of the offence lessen its enormity in common eyes, and perhaps in their own. The reflexions, or dissertations, are, in our

opinion, in many respects exceptionable. The account of the professors at Edinburgh is, we trust, greatly overcharged: it indeed represents so few of the courses in a respectable light, that we must be certain that it is so. The general opinion undoubtedly differs from that of our authors.

We have little temptation to copy from these volumes, which, at least in Europe, will soon be as if they had never been.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE greatly regret that we have not before had leisure to return an answer to Mr. Clarke's candid animadversions. As in our next number we shall conclude our account of his work, we must offer, in this place, what we could not with propriety interweave in our article.

Mr. Clarke informs us, that as in a future volume he means to add what has been objected to Mr. Bryant's system, it was necessary to give that which would be the subject of the future animadversion. We styled Mr. Bryant's doctrines 'fanciful reveries;' and if they *have* afforded 'useful hints to succeeding writers,' these have not yet reached us.

Mr. Clarke thinks, that we 'attach too much importance to the Argonautic expedition,' which, if our account be true, was little better than a trading voyage. On the contrary, from our view of it, trade was in no respect its object, and we rather considered it in the light of a valuable geographical remain.

The subject of the magnet was '*purposely*,' we are told, 'left unfinished, because the whole of what has hitherto been published on that subject will shortly be proved erroneous.' We certainly *did* observe the note in page 5; but this note evidently relates to the magnet as applied to navigation, not to the supposed knowledge of it in the earliest periods. The subsequent passage, to which our correspondent refers us, is still less to the purpose, as it is so many years after the acknowledged use of the compass.—The discoveries of the Danes and Normans, since the volume was already sufficiently 'large,' are referred 'to that division of the work which will be confined to the northern discoveries.'

As we have now done ample justice to the author, we must be equally just to ourselves. What have we said, except on one subject, which Mr. Clarke has not admitted? and he has allowed, that what we censured as omissions, are such, since he now tells us, what we could not possibly have conjectured, that these are to be supplied in future volumes. These subjects, thus left incomplete, should have been pointed out as imperfect, with the promise of a continuation, which our article alone has extorted.

We did not condemn the author for *never* offering his opinion—we regretted only that he did not more frequently communicate it; nor did we, in any instance, impeach his accuracy, of which we found many proofs. Let us again repeat, that our opening the work with some prepossessions against it, was in no respect owing to any unfavourable impressions of his 'general character;' nor, at this moment, have we seen the criticism in the Edinburgh Review. We told the author that we had ourselves trodden the same ground; and he must have seen that we required no prompter, even if we could submit to be the echo of a sound.